VITIS CAROLINÆ

GEMMA ALTERA

SIVE

AVSPICATISSIMA

DVCIS EBORACENSIS

GENETHLIACA

Decantata ad

VADA ISIDIS.

OXONIÆ,

Excudebant *IOHANNES LICHFIELD*
& *GVLIELMVS TVRNER.*
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AD AVGVSTISSIMVM PARENTEM CAROLVM & MARIAM.

QVod tam frequenti Curiam pulsent pede
Totiesq; Vestras ambiant Musæ Manus,
Non impotentis æstus, aut præceps levis
Calami libido est: Sobrius stimulat Furor;
Debentur ista. Nam tot assiduè ruunt
Demissa Sceptro Munera, tot Imbres cadunt,
Vt grata totum Musa depilet Nemus,
Mutoq; pauper Tripode conturbet *Deus*.
Vtcunq;, quamvis impar arescat lacus,
Fovenda flamma est. Debilem haud omnes, puto,

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Aquam ſitimus, aliquid & juſtus calor.
Debere vero novit Oſtenti vice,
Sterilis Poëta eſt, ipſa cum Vitis parit
Carolina Vitis, exerens *Gemmam Alteram*.
Quin ſurgat Ardor, pendit en Populi Nova
Solium Tributa! Sanctus imperitat Numa,
Sed Sceptra firmat ſolus Egeriæ labor.
Hæc inter aliquis torpet, & pigras ſinit
Iacere flammas? Otium faciat ſuo
Alius Maroni; ſemper hoc ſceptrum ſciat
Facere Labores; nulla ſit prælo Quies
Quoties Popellum *Gemma* lætificat *Nova*.

BR. DUPPA *Acad. Oxon. Procan:*

P*Rincipis* in titulis tumuerunt antè *Britanni*,
Cor-què suum evexit *nubia* læta *ducem*.
At nunc *Eboracum*, nunc *Scotia* clamat ab *Arcto*,
Wallia redde, & *Cornubia* redde vices.
Nos etiam CAROLVS radiavit *Sydere* fausto,
Et nobis peperit *Dîa Maria*, *Ducem*.
Anglia sparge rosas, agilis dùm *Scotia* saltet,
Hisq; modos similes, aptet *Hiberna Chelys*.
Parve *Puer* crescas, per gaudia mille *Parentum*,
Mille dabit *Frater* Basia, mille *Soror*.
Celsa *Stuartiadum* per te domus æthera pulset,
Vt sis tantum annis, *Principe Fratre* minor.

Io. PRIDEAVX *Rector Coll. Exon.*
& S.T.P. Regius.

IAm nova Regali surgit de stirpe Propago
Publica lætitiæ nuncia facta nouæ:
Vos ô fælices fælici Prole Parentes
Gaudete; & laudum solvite vota Deo.
O fælix populus, cui tot fælicia pacis
Pignora succrescunt, concelebrato Deum
CAROLE, multiplicet Christus Tibi gaudia Prolis,
Et Tuus in Christum multiplicetur amor:
Quos Tibi dat natos Christus, Tu reddito Christo
Virtute ornatos, relligione, fide.

Io. PARKHVRST SS. T. D. M^r
Coll. Bailiolensis.

Fælix innocuo, MARIA, Partu,
Fælix incolumi, MARIA, Prole,
Ter jam, numine prosperante, fælix,
Ter fælix, nec adhuc satis beata es:
Ter mater, nec adhuc trium potiri
Concessum tibi jure liberorum;
Nondum militiâ puerperarum
Iam tanquam emeritæ licet vacare.
Si quid nostra Deum movere vota
(Cuius munera liberi) valebunt.
Vt sint à quibus exteri regantur,
Quos aut barbaries parum subacta,
Aut illâ gravius jugum fatigat:
Vt sint qui Iesuitici furoris,
Et molimina Turcici retundant;
Ter fies iterum quaterq; fælix,
Ter fies iterum quaterq; mater.

Ad Nutricem

Infanti Arcadico sua det crepitacula nutrix,
Cui sub mamillâ nil salit.
Hastam tu gladiumq; tuo da *παίγνια* alumno,
Cum lusitare gestiet.
Totos arma decem menses tractaverat, ipsa
Lucina quem edidit Ducem.

Ad Ducem Eboracensem &c.

Cresce puer, tituloſq; tuos virtutibus imple,
Bello togâq; nobilis;
Virtutum & palmam esse puta, concorditer annos
Ut usq; cum fratre exigas.

Sic

Sic vallum magis Oceano, quo cingitur, illi
Future inexpugnabile,
Sic tibi præsidium fraterni fœdus amoris
Habiture inexpugnabile.

ROB. PINCE, *Custos Coll. Navi.*

NEctimus en! facili quid lævia Carmina plectro?
Quid juvat Aoniis verba ligare modis?
Æquavit Regina Tuis quia, CAROLE, Sceptris
Prolem, & Te terno pignore Clara beat.
Stent fulcris Tua Regna istis, Te sospite, regnis
Pax, paci pietas religioquè Comes.

CAROLVS HERBERTVS, PHILIPPI
Comitis Pembrokiæ & Montgomeriæ filius natu maximus, è Coll. Exon.

PVlsa Tu Cytharam, Thalia, pulsa;
Chordas percute molliore plectro:
Ut Cunas teneri Ducis rotatas
Tincti melle supervolent Sopores.
Morbi semina nullius subintrent,
Aut Languor vitiet pusilla Membra;
Fusum Nestoreum trahente Fato:
Infirmum nihil exeat MARIA.
Omnes advolitent Amœnitates,
Aut quicquid Charitum, Cupidinumve:
Et Patris Rosa, Liliumque Matris
Transpirent

Transpirent, Pueri per omne Membrum.
Hunc *Florem*, Senii maligna *Bruma*
Nunquam polluat; ut *Comis* adultis
Nascatur viridis, frequensque *Laurus*.
Lis sit: *Prole* feraciorne *Mater?*
Hæc *Matre* parit, Ille mox *Triumphos*.

PHILIPPVS SYDNEY, ROBERTI *Comitis Leceſtriæ filius natu maximus, ex Æde Chriſti.*

PRoduxere Ducem fata faventia,
Quem, magni pietas maxima CAROLI,
IACOBI ingenium grande Platonici,
Pectus, atque animus potens
HENRICI, titulis, fascibus & parem
Agnoscunt fore, dignumque parentibus:
Privatum esse negant se decus amplius,
Hoc dato Duce lumini.
Quali nunc agitur lætitiâ dies
Hæc, talis redeat perpetuò precor,
Natalem superâ sede beatior
Ipse donec agat suum.

FRANCISCVS BARO DACRE *e Coll. Merton.*

O Sacrum germen sacrâ de stirpe Creatum,
Vernantique Comâ sæcula nostra beans.
Nunc madidas unas deponit vitis onusta,
Et Pomana rubens aurea mala legit;

Te

Te pariter duxitque, favens Lucina Britannis,
Ad fauſtas luces, numinis arte potens.
Inſtat hyems ingrata, at Tu de Palmite ramus
Extendens umbram, tempora grata facis.

CAROLVS STANHOPE, *filius Philippi Stanhope Comitis Cheſterfeldiæ, è Coll. Oriel.*

LAus Regni eſt Princeps divinus, gloria Regis,
Tot ſucceſſivè monumentis regna beare;
Et populi pietas, nullos ſe velle triumphos
Dum viduata fuit, ſine prole Britannia mulcâ
Dixit; & optati potitur jam munere voti
Sic Regem, Regnum, Populos, Regina beati.

Io. POULET, *filius natu Maximus Io. Poulet Baronis de Henton Coll. Exon.*

NOn equidem invideo, Scotiæ quod nuper in oras
Iecisti radios, CAROLE Magne, Tuos.
Illa det applauſus quod Te Diademate cinxit,
Et ſtruat obſequii ſic Monumenta ſui;
Blanditiis aliis ſed Te rapit Anglia, Conjux
Optima, & hinc ſoboles Te numeroſa vocat.
En Reduci occurrit ſpes altera, tertia Proles.
Nil opto melius quàm ut ſit Imago Tui.

Sic precatur

FRANCISCVS POULET, *filius natu ſecundus Io. Poulet Baronis de Henton Coll. Ex.*

FLamma triumphalis micet, & sonet æthera plausu,
Atq; suas habeant gaudia justa vices.
Olim orbum, post orbatum Britannia Regem,
Luxit; & haud fictis ingemuit lachrymis.
Has natus, sospesq; abstersit CAROLVS, & mox
Ecce novam vitam nata MARIA dedit.
Tertia jam sequitur proles, quæ pectora nobis
Firmat, spem solidat, gaudia certa facit.
Quæ tollit fictosq; dolos, falsosq; timores,
Et quicquid vanæ suspicionis erat:
O vtinam tali ditet Te sæpè, tuumq;
Imperium (Princeps optime) prole Deus.
Immo tuam conjux, fæcundi palmitis instar,
Condecoret multo germine chara domum.
Utq; solent oleæ pingui pubescere glebâ,
Crebraq; succrescit planta ferace solo:
Sic CAROLI denso circumstent agmine mensam,
Quæ Regina thori pignora pulchra dabit.

GVIL. SMYTH S. T. D. Coll.
Wadhami Gardianus.

Ad Regem, de vtroq; D. Iacobi Festo, Mense 3° & 4°, Deq; Ædibus D. Iacobi.

FEsta Iacoborum, Tropici Tibi CAROLE: cepit
Alphæus, clausit quod Zebedæus, iter.
Dum pergis peragisq; viam sic; credere fas est,
Nominis Augurium vel placuisse Tibi.

Hincq;

Hincq; Puerperio visa est Domus apta, Iacobi
Regia; Natales iam dedit illa Duci.
Qualia debemus pro Te (Rex summe) Iacobis!
Quanta Iacoborum thura paranda Deo!

Ad Ducem Eboracensem, Votum.

Chlorus Eburaci tumulum Constantius, ortum
Constantinus habet; Filius atq; Pater.
Cumq; eadem in titulos, Tibi, Dux, Provincia cedat,
Dotibus hos æques, ac pietate pari.

Camden. Britanni. tit. Brigantes.

Io. King *Eccles. Cathed. Christi Prebendarius.*

QVi bene, Sceptrorum, norunt, quid servit honori;
Et malè, quid facerent Sceptra, docere volunt;
Mirantur, cur non ducibus Sceptra Angla creandis
Dant operam; numero splendet & Aula Ducum.
Mirantur, cur non est crebra Creatio: dignum
(Nam diis assimilat) quod repetatur opus.
At Carolo proprii permittant muneris artem;
Aut ope si sit opus, Diva Maria ferat.
Ecce Ducem multum, quodq, est divinius actis,
(Multi namq; creant) hi generando dabunt.

Tho. Walker *Coll. Vniversit.* M^r

REtrogrado Regi nova facta est obvia Proles.
Sit, dum se duplicent gaudia, Musa duplex.

Quid querimur ſteriles orbatos Frugibus Agros?
Fructuſve non prodire maturos ſatis?
Autumnus vel cur noſtras audire querelas
Coactus, in ſe dives & Meſſis Parens?
Fallimur his nugis. Placeant ſi lubila, Fructum
Ecce, Ecce quem produxit Arbor Regia.

Ad Muſas.

Molles venite Muſæ,
Molles parate Cunas,
Date Lectulumquè molle;
Suavis ſufurrus adſit,
Motuſq; ſuavis adſit,
Vobiſq; vox amæna
ſit, Lulla Lulla Lulla.
Infantulus ſopore
Ut lene perfruatur,
Dum Nos Loquace Pennâ,
Altè & Loquace Plauſu,
Nos ut Triumphus urget
(Triumphus haud premendus)
Ponamus alta vota,
Hæc ut Propago creſcat,
Ut creſcat, indieſquè
Ramis Propago fuſis
Ut umbra ſit Camænis,
Qualis tegat Camænas:
A Patre qualis orta,
A Matre qualis orta,
Favente & Hac & Illo.

Ut verſus inde pergat
Qualis decet Camænas:
Poeta Mantuanus
Fagi ut dedit ſub umbrâ.
Infanſq; donec almo
Diem ſopore fallit,
Vox adſit hæc amæna,
La Lulla Lulla Lulla.
Quando Propago creſcit,
Creſcenſq; fiet Arbor,
Votis nova date Vota:
Sit Lauta Lauta Lauta:
Muſiſq; fiat umbra,
Sed & umbra grata Muſis,
Tegmenq; ſuave Muſis.

ED. LAPWORTH *Med. D. & in Philoſ. Nat. Profeſ. Sedleianus.*

NOn mea vulgarem reſonabunt carmina ſtirpem
Quam temerè oſtentant ille vel iſte Pater.
En nova progenies, DEVS ex utroq; parente
(Reges terreſtres quis neget eſſe DEOS?)
Naſcitur & ſimilis virtute & Numine proles
CAROLVS atq; novo juncta MARIA duci;
Ergo tribus Regnis cum Numina trina refulgent
CAROLE Rex, populum quàm decet eſſe pium!

IOAN. SAVNDERS *Medic. doct. Aul. B. Mar. Princ.*

QVod fauſtum & fælix jubeat Deus eſſe bonumq;
Iam Tertium cunas canimus en Regias.
Tertia jam proles facit ut Te, CAROLE, Regem
Ter maximum ter ac beatum prædicent,
Et jure & merito cuncti; ſtabilimina Sceptri
Cui nata tot, domûſq; fulcra regiæ;
Divini cui tot ſuccreſcunt pignora amoris:
Sic mactet ultra Te Deus, Rex inclyte.
Sic numeroſa tuam ſoboles circumdare menſam.
Pergat deinceps; vitis inſtar nobilis
Purpureis locuples uvis quæ circuit ædes.
At Tu puelle Auguſte, creſcas optimis
Auſpicijs, patriumq; olim fac pectore ſanguen
Habere Te, geniumq; regium probes.
Sana valetudo Tibi conſtet; donet & annos
Et quicquid alto convenit gradui Deus!

D.W.A. *Glouc. P.*

PErgis Magne DEVS, bonitatis & addis acervo,
Pignore dum firmas ſceptra *Britanna* novo.
Nec vis CAROLIDEN ſocio ſine fratre manere,
Sentiat alterius frater ut alter opem.
Ergo STVARTIADE ſalve, ſortemq; perimple
Naſcendi, à proavis quæ datur ampla Tuis.
Et refer HENRICVM, refer & virtute IACOBVM,
Et ſimilis CAROLO ſis pietate patri.
Sic vovet ipſa, Tuis benedicit & Anglia cunis,
Quas fauſto à partu ſalva MARIA dedit.

Io. ROVS. Acad. *Bibliothecarius.*

Faviſti

FAvisti benè, gratamur: nunc fas Tibi laudes
Ferri, nunc spargi flores & thurea dona,
Inq; tuis nostros pendere Altaribus hymnos,
At Lucina cave primi lugubria lecti,
Falsa Tuo damno; Tibi nunc vel stemmate longo
Est redimenda fides, vel Numen habebere varum.
Tollimus interea, quem sic benè docta dedisti
Infantem: Salve, superes qui tertia proles!
Tu numerum facis, & jam calculus incipit à Te,
Vnus Tu cumulus censeris in ordine justo,
Et nostram triplici spondes Tu pignore pacem:
Lac Tibi de quovis orietur fonte; liquescet
Rore silex dulci, feret ulmus mitia poma;
Et Tibi stillabunt de quavis arbore mella.
Noli flere, tamen quà se diffundit ocelli
Gemma tui, crescent violæ & molles hyacinthi.
O superi! Vos multa quidem mortalibus ægris
Dona datis cælo, sed non æqualiter illis:
Respice namq; puer, fratrem, teneramq; sororem,
Teq; ipsum, spes multijugas, & brachia Regni;
At totidem stellas vicinus non habet orbis,
Omnia sunt illis fragili currentia fuso.
Quin igitur crescas, preme Tu vestigia fratris
Curarum socius, quas vobis parturit ætas
Altera; sisq; tuo patri non ultima proles,
Aut alij post Te longo stent agmine nati.
Hæc qui cordatè mecum non voverit, ante
Te juvenem pereat miser, orbus, & orbus.

Ioh. Oliver *S.T.B.*
Col. Mag.

Æqua

AEqua Tuis regnis tandem, (Rex magne) propago
Orta Tibi eſt: venit *toties Lucina*, tuoſque
Intravit repetita Lares, lætoque beavit
Succeſſu thalami genialis fiuſta labores.
Tertia jam ſoboles Cunis vagitat, & infans
Ius Tibi tergemina donat lætabile prolis.
Pignora bina (mares oris decoriſque paterni
Hæredes) ſuſcepta Tibi: ſed & altera virgo,
Quæ media eſt, qualis formoſæ filia Ledæ
Inter Amyclæos fulgeſcens *Candida fratres*:
Vel qualis cæli facies ubi nocte ſerenâ
Admovêre jubar mediæ duo ſydera Lunæ.
Macte tamen, fœtu, quòd bis ſit adaucta virili
Nunc regina parens: ne quos Reſpublica, natos
Poſcit, deſtituat patria: ſed ſtemmate veſtro
Maſcula ſufficiat, quæ libret pondera regni,
Virtus, juſque Tuis dictet; ſic fertilis, oro,
Succreſcat fundata domus, ſecuraque præſtet
Imperia, & læto cingat Te *turba tuorum*
Agmine; Tuque (puer) patriæ fœlicibus orte
Auſpiciis, dulciſque ſolo Tu gloria noſtro,
Naſcimur Eboraci quotquot gentilis alumni,
Omine fœlici titulum gratamur & ortum
Nataleſque Tibi: roſeuſque, precamur, amicus
Paci flos vigeat, patrio nec languine fœdus
Unquam tingatur, Candore notabilis ipſo.
Tuque ipſe in patrios mores ſuccreſce, & avitas
Tum belli paciſque artes, Tua geſta coæquent.

R. WASHINGTON, *Col. Vniv. S. T. B.*

Dum

DUm fœcunda parens uterum Regina ferebat,
Spe pariter prægnans Anglia tota fuit.
At simulac tuto peperisse puerpera fertur,
Sollicitum fœlix Insula ponit onus.
Nec tamen exonerata: novâ jam prole laborat;
Et quæ concepit, gaudia sæpe parit:
Et tamen in partu est. O si Lucina Britannis
Lætitiâ gravidis prospera ferret opem!
Sic accensa suis flagrarent pectora flammis:
Non opus, ut celebrent gaudia nostra, rogis.

Io. Warren, *Art. Mag. Col. Wad.*

NOndum exornârat fœtam stirps altera Matrem;
Fama tamen Lucina fuit; pigri invida Solis
Anticipat cursum, nascendi prævenit horas
Expectare pigens, lentum procedere Cœlum.
Conqueritur: Segni stagnat natura sopore.
Ventura est quoties Carolinâ è Stirpe Propago.
Sed non Spes alias Solii, nervumque secundum
Ostentare libet; tantum temerarius ægræ
Lætitiæ furor est in fata reponere Pignus.
Sed si Regnum illis humeris fœlicius Astrum
Destinat, & tantum Sceptris fœcunda Maria est;
Crebra Coronato plaudat Victoria Patri,
His Regnis major jam jam debetur Iülus:
Accedant alii Populi, discantque subire
Colla novum Peregrina jugum: Circumflua posthac
Transitus Imperii evadat, non Terminus, Vnda.

Iam frustra exibit peritura Spiritus aura
Sollicito poscens demissa Ancilia Cœlo
Vestalemque Focum, CAROLVS dat Pignora Regni,
Sceptri Ipse est tutela Sui. Non amplius addat
Angliacæ pretium demortua terra Coronæ,
Majores jactamus opes, Natosque recentes
Imperium spirans, Animataque Regna putamus.

GVIL. STVTEVILE, *M. A.*

IMmensos CAROLI reditus, Scotique tumultus
Dum Plausit, strepitu & crebro deferbuit Aula,
Adductis Spoliis; En Magnus prodiit Infans,
Gentiles Qui palpet Opes: Diadema Parentis
Agnoscens Primum hic: Palmam capit Ipse Secundam.
Nemo potest, nisi Dux, Tantâ de Stirpe creari.
Tam gratum Pondus sentiscens, æstuat Humber,
Crispantes urgens undas, Dominumque requirens
Transcurrit ripas: nam sueto limite nescit
Alveus arctari, Cunisque Australior instat.
Principe lætata est CAROLO sua Cambria; tandem
Exultat Scotus; miscetque Albania nomen
Prona, nec obsequio novit post terga relinqui.

Ad Reginam.

SIc fœlix dites numerosâ Prole Maritum
Sacrum; nec fias, grato consueta labori,
Lassa puerperio, Soboles quin impleat orbem.
Des modò Tu vitam Ducibus, sibi sceptra parabunt.

R. M. *Art. Magist. Col. Ies. Soc.*

Fecere

FEcere Festum Numina, quod queant
Nostro & futuro impendere sæculo:
Terris enim Natum dederunt;
Pectore qui tenero lacessit
Hostis furores. Quem colet Hesperus
Et vesper, Orbis totius Incola.
Crescentis ætatem Iuventæ
Incipiunt numerare matres
Bellum paventes. Cuncta Britannicum
Quærunt amorem, nostraque fœdera
Omni flagrant vitâ, genuque.
Eboraci domus alma nescit
Haurire notum sanguinem, & improba
Nullis triumphis prælia condere:
Vim vertet, & rixas in hostem.
Pristina vulnera, Proximorum
Sanguis luat: Nos non cupimus, neque
Hostes timemus: Possumus Invidos
Punire, Compensare Amicos,
Cuique suum facinus referre.
Rerum supremus Conditor omnium
Hæc fausta reddat; Longa dies veni
Vultu hoc precor, Nato Mariam,
Et Carolvm facias Beatos.

Ed. Corbet, *Socius Col. Merton.*

QValiter, expulsâ Primæ Caliginis umbrâ,
Ætherio Mundus nascentia Sydera partu
Produxit; Solemque novum, & mirabile Lunæ

Lumen, adoravit jam formæ conscia Tellus:
Æthraque Luciferos accepit læta Quirites,
Disposuitque locis: Eoi hunc cardinis, Illum
Cura rapit Zephyri; Boreæ est qui Regnet ab arce,
Est qui purpureis accendat crinibus Austrum:
Signorum densa sub Imagine fervet Olympus,
Septaque lætatur cœlato limite Terra:
Illa volant; Horæque, & Fata appensa trahuntur:
Haud aliter CAROLI numerosam effulgere Prolem
Cernimus, & Regum Nidos. Prodite, Britannûm
Lux, & Honor, Pueri; Macti: Vos ambiet Orbis,
Influxuquè volet radioque calescere vestro.
Iamquè alius rutilo sedem sortitus in Euro,
Littore Aromatico regnabit, Suavior Ipse.
Eruet Hesperiis alius Diademata glebis,
Quem redimet cunctis sibi dives America Venis,
Cui tradat quod Plata vomit, conditque Panáma.
Hic scandet Boream, &, Cauri qua spiritus armat
Concretum Pelagus, toties-tentata recludet
Claustra Freti, victoque dabit sua nomina Nereo.
Ille, Magellano fatalia Littora, tutus
Circuet, ignotique sinu dominabitur Austri.
Regibus implebis Terram MARIA Britannis.
At Tu, prima Patris spes, nostri Phosphore Cœli
CAROLE, quamquam omnis de Te contendere Tellus
Cæperit, haud alio quondam fulgebis in Orbe,
Ætheriam Genitor sero cùm Vespere lucem
Claudet, & in patrium radios revocabit Olympum.

T. MASTER, *Art. M. Nov. Col. Soc.*

Hos

HOs quoq; Vagitus, Regnique Ancile secundum
Excipiunt solito strepitu officiosa sororum
Numina: captatâ prægnans Academia famâ
Se quoq; jactavit matrem, prolemq; secundam
Æmula parturiit, thalamiq; imitata dolorem est.
Sed quorsùm Chartæ pignus taciturnq; modesti
Obsequium præli? magè Te meminisse juvabit
CAROLE, concursus populi Procerumq; sonora
Gaudia, cum sobolem manibus tenuêre gemellam
Et verum patriæ Te clamavere Parentem.
Tàm chara effigies, tàm sancti gloria vultûs
Tuta satis non est uni commissa tabellæ.
Archetypo gavisa suo sapientia summi
Artificis, specie non est contenta priori,
Sed quasi tam pulchræ fatum suspecta figuræ,
Conatus iterat primos, CAROLIq; recudit
Effigiem, geminâq; jubet spirare monetâ.
Non satis in tantas populi solennia cunas.
Ipsa quoq; infantis Domini non inscia flamma
Obsequij dat signa sui: neq; enim aggere primo
Contenta evehitur rectoq; cacumine surgit,
Sed veluti patriæ, sedisq; oblita supernæ
Nititur in terram & protensa volumine longo
Nutat adorantem simulans: & pabula quanquàm
Certatim astruimus, parco stupet anxia ligno,
Atq; odit cineres, decrescentemq; recusat
Vincere materiam, longæ quasi prouida pompæ.
Quid Vates frustra genialia consulit astra,
Aut magico dubium scrutatur lumine cælum?
Inclyta progenies, fatorum arcana tuorum

Hostendit mundo propius jubar, omnibus astris
Charius. Affulsere suis incendia cunis,
Natalemque beat terrestris flamma Planetæ.
Tu quoque Carolides inter tot gaudia, vellem,
Læteris: neque enim (liceat prædicere vati)
Germani Imperium Thebanaque fata timebis.
Quâ nunc simplicitate, senex Tua Sceptra videbit,
Cunarumque fidem seros servabit in annos:
Cumque alii (quos fata manent & tristior urna)
Carnificem Hæredem cognatique ora Leonis
Suspecti in solio pallent, Vibrantque tremente
Sceptra manu, solum extremæ Te Carole gentes
Cognata pietate & fratre satellite tutum
Accipient, pacisque tuæ portenta stupebunt:
Hac spe perge pater fæcundaque viscera Matris
Exhauri penitus, donec numerosa propago
Ordine descendens longo, tituliſque superstes
Omnibus in populum privataque nomina crescat.

Tho. Terrent.

MUsam reducit sæpius exulem
Regnis salutem Pignore plurimo
Henretta spondens, & secundis
Fulta puerperiis Corona.

Fæcunda partu viscera Regio
Implere secli gaudia gestiunt,
Secloque non uni benigna
Carolidas venientis ævi

In

In fata mittunt. Eboracum Decem
Agnoſcat, & mox auſpice Numine
Lancaſtrienſe exurgat Aſtrum,
Nomina finitimis tremenda.

Sic ſic Honores Regia Regios
Implere proles geſtiat, & Roſas
Non Inde commiſtas Duobus
Iungat Amor Pietaſque Fratrum.

Quàm grande nuper præſidium fuit,
(Nec quale Regnis contigit omnibus)
Quòd Cæſaris Cunas futuri
Viſibus attonitis hiantes

Miramur Angli? non tamen hoc ſatis
Viſum Mariæ; quæ Populo dedit
Regina Regem, ſpondet ultrà
Illa Duces Populumque Regi.

Ro. Langeord, M. A.
Coll. Ieſu Socius.

Fælix Carole, ſive Tu Paternis,
Seu Regis titulo Velis vocari,
O quæ gaudia, quas amœnitates
Laſcivus Tibi Parvulus movebit,
Non abſquè omine fortè, cum Coronam,
Ceu Siſtrum, Crotalumue, poſtulabit!
Sic Tu de genibus tener Paternis
Riſiſti puer; Illiuſq; ocellis

Spectaſti

Spectâsti effigies venustiores,
Tangi difficiles stupens Sodales,
Et vultus sine corpore exhibentes.
Sic annos revocat Tibi priores,
Qui vitam Tibi posthumam reponet.
Magni Scipiadæ, maresq; Bruti,
Et nomen Curij ferox, Ibero
Monstrentur Iuveni; Patrem Britannus
Ediscat Puer, æmulusq; monstret
Solenne Angliaco fuisse Sceptro,
Prolem, quam genuit, docere; dignum
Et Vitæ dare, GLORIÆq; Natos.
Sic crescat, precor, ambitus futurus,
Et lis Virginibus. Sed æmulanti
Vtcunq; egregio Patrem calore
Aspiret Genius, tamen timendum est
Tanti non fore Filij Parentem.

NEmo in furores Pieridas vocet;
Hæc sacra non est virginibus dies:
Lex sit Britannis, sub Parente
Principe nil sterile invocare.
Nemo Antra supplex Delphica consulat.
Dantur furentes jam sine Numine;
Ni fæta Numen sit MARIA,
Ni Puer in gremio recumbens.
His Vota nemo cæcus insanis
Impunè Vates spondeat Oribus:
Sit Perduellis, quisquis audet
His Meritis statuisse fines.

Hinc

Hinc tot probati, quot geniti, fluunt;
Sperare adultos non vacat impetus;
Naſci, mereri eſt: optimumq;
Carmen erit poſuiſſe Patrem.

W. CARTWRIGHT.

SAlve tenellum convaleſcentis tui
Reduciſq; Patris pignus, ingens gaudij
Ingentis Anglis omen; en concordiam,
Monſtraſq; ſpes firmas ſecundus filius.
Has ergò pro te gratias effundimus
Preceſq; Cœloſedulas.

Te, quo parentem Rex adæquat edito,
Proſapiæ fæcunditate Regiæ;
Tuiſq; Patrem qui refers natalibus,
Reddant Patri, reddant Avo Dij, ſplendidâ
Virtute, Morum ſuavitate comparem;
Maiora nec fas expeti.

G. GROVE, *Coll. Wad. Commenſalis.*

FEſtinant gravidæ ſuos Sorores
Partus edere; dum MARIA prægnat,
Nec prægnat ſibi, Sola nec laborat;
Fæcundam pariter trahit papyrum,
Turgent Litterulæ, typiq; Fæti.

Tu Regina, ferax facis cerebrum,
Tu Mater Puero es, Minerva Nobis:
Immò & noſtra Parens, Tuoque partu
Omnes jam fuimus ſimul renati.
Hæc Proles meruit novum popellum,
Secum & ſurgere naſcitura Regna.
Dux optate, Tibi, Tuiſq; cunis
Has charta s quaſi Faſcias ſacramus.
Accinget teneros papyrus artus,
Involvetq; latus Tuum Libellus.
Læſiſti levius piam Parentem,
Dum partu facili, breviq; luctâ,
Nec longo gemitu dolentis alui,
Prodibas opus integrè peractum.
Nobis gratior adfuturus eſto,
Noſtræ quod Nocuus parum Mariæ,
Nec Matri nimium periculoſus.
Quanti ſit facienda Magna Mater
Tam claræ ſobolis, doces Tenellus,
Qui tanquam timidus labor Mariæ,
Parcè, & cum lacrymis noces Parenti.
Exurgis Boreæ calor, plagæq;
Multo frigore quæ ſolent rigere,
Divertunt hyemem, Niveſq; ſolvunt;
Te nato Duce, ſat ferunt caloris.
Natali Decus vt tuo ſit omne,
Cunæ nec careant Tuæ Triumpho;
Nuper finxit amor novum Cometam,
Cœlum alludere Partui Mariæ,
Et prægnare Polum Tuos per ortus.

Quin

Quin pergas Cybele Britanna, fratres
Nostro parturias Duci quotannis;
Sis fæcunda licet, parensq; multæ
Et pulchræ sobolis, satis supersunt
Virtutes CAROLO, quibus patrisset.
Partiri poterit novas in Omnem,
Totam si parias Ducum catervam;
Hæredesq; Patris simul vigescant.
O nunquam sterilis foret MARIA,
Donec mens CAROLI Bonis referta,
Virtutis nihil, ut daret, tenebit.

I. MAPLET.

Χαίρετον ὦ βασιλεῦ, βασίλισσά τε παρ' βασιλῆι
Οὐρανίῳ χάριν εὕρετον ἄμφω· ἠνὶ γὰρ ἄλλος,
Ὑπὶ εὖς ὕμμι δόθη, σέθεν ἐλπὶς πατρίδος ἄλλη.
Τέκνα τρὶ ὑμέτερα τρισσὴ προβολὴ βρετανοῖσι·
Οὕτω ἐτ' ἔσσο πατὴρ Κάρολε πάτρης, Μαρίη δὲ
Λαοῦ ὀκλελάθοιο τεοῦ, μεγάρωντε τοκῆος·
Οὕνεκα σεῦ βασιλεὺς γεραρῆς ἠράσσατο μορφῆς,
Ἀντὶ τεῶν πατέρων υἱοὶ σέθεν ἡβήσουσι,
Τοὺς δὲ ποτ' ὀπτεύσεις δυνατοὺς χθονὸς ἡγεμονῆας·
τοῦτο γένοιτο· γονῇ τε τεῇ σέο, καὶ Κάρολοιο,
Τύνομα μίμνοι αἰὲν, ἕως πόλος ἀστέρας ἕλκῃ.

EDV. SILVESTER A. M.
è Coll. Baliolensi.

O Tu delitiæ, Puer, Parentum;
Sed nec delitiæ minus Popelli.
Aulæ Dux, Deitasquè fasciata;
Musis grande Volumen expeditum
Solâ in Litterulâ: Indigis Colonis
Mersarum Vnice messium Redemptor;
Æstas Tota brevi in Serenitate;
Et totum quoquè Flore Ver in Vno!
Ex quo CAROLI in Orbe nascerêre,
Non per millia Vota, nuncupata
A Natisquè, Virisquè, Fœminisquè;
Non per millia mille suavitatum
Quales per Tua lusitant labella;
Non per millia mille mellearum
Quæ dantur Tibi basiationum,
Possunt gaudia Nostra computari.
Quin major tamen es Beatitudo,
Major Gloria Posteris futura.
Nam Natalibus hisce præsidebat
Ambas *Rumina* præbitura mammas,
Et *Cunina* cubantium ministra,
Attollensquè *Levana* cespitantes,
Tum *Porrinaq;*, cum Sororculaque
Quæ *Postverta* vocatur; & cibantes
Quæ tutatur *Edulica*, & bibendos
Succos *Potica* temperans; Chorusquè
Præsens adfuit omnium Dearum:
Quas inter, veneranda *Vaticana*,
Vt cum prospiciens remotiora
In porro-radiante Perspicill

Visus applicat ad minus foramen;
Sic in Te minimum minutulorum
Hæc intenta oculos, loquuta sic est:
Mellitissime node amœnitatum,
O-(tum basiat usquè, & usquè, & usquè,)
O Infantule, qui lates sub istâ
Majestate Deunculus, latebat
Olim quâ ferè tota gens Deorum,
Quando Numina Quercubus coæva,
Nymphæ floribus infitæ; Herbulâquè
Dii se quâlibet abdidere: Sic Te
Ebrauci colit in *Rosâ* popellus.
Atquè hinc quæ reliquis fuere vota
Sunt Præsagia nostra; - Sunt, Dearum
Acclamat Chorus, & tropo absquè, coges
' Calcâri sub Tu *Rosam* exoriri.
Pergit; Tu redoles Rosas, Puelle,
Mater Lilia; qualis iste tandem
O quàm suavis odor, vel hinc Rosarum
Ex radice, vel inde Liliorum!
At divinior ista Pulchritudo
Quæ per talia mixta temperatur
Ex utrisquè Rosisquè Lilisque.
' O divinior! excipit Dearum
' Respondens Chorus, & cui invideret
' Vincenti *Rosamunda* vel renata.
Rursus; Iam redit ura Sæculorum
Certò tempora constat Aureorum,
Istorum nam Epocham meus *Poëta

*Maro Eclog. 4ta.

In Natalibus esse præcinebat
Cujusdam Pueri; En Puer! -Choruſquè
' Assentit, Puer ortus Ille; Veris
' Æterni quasi pignus affuturi
' *Primam* surgere nunc *Rosam* videmus.
Tum; Germano Aquilas quod attinebit
Potas sanguine; Turcicasquè Lunas;
Quodquè ad Tybrim, ubi *Pantheon* patebat
Nobis; Occiduos quod attinebit
(Queis tandem sumus adfuturæ) ad Indos;
Quum Te barba, -Sed, ô fidem! recordor
Quæ dixit mihi Diva tunc in aurem:
Hâc ut plurima de Rosâ loquuta est,
Sic & plurima sub Rosâ, quod aiunt.

T. Gawen, *Nov. Coll. Soc.*

NUmen Tergeminum Diana vestrum
Nunc omnes veneramur; & referre
Te Cultus patiemur ampliores,
Plura ut Pignora computet (regendum
Dignus mittere Principes per Orbem)
Sublimis Thorus: inquè quo renasci
Tu, Lucina, velis, Tuumquè Numen
Pro tantâ cupias pati Parente.
Cum Bacchum peperit Sator Deorum,
Tanquam Damna ferens, redemit Auro,
Et Terras rutilis beavit Undis.
Et Quæ de Cerebro Tonantis exit

Numen tàm ſapiens, tulit nitorem
Dotali pretiumquè de Metallo:
Quâ naſcente Rhodon Parens rigavit
Auratâ Pluviâ, & micante Nimbo,
Credentem liquidi ruiſſe Solis
Effuſum jubar, & pluiſſe Stellas.
Sed Natalibus His emenda non eſt
Major Gratia divites per Imbres;
Omni Munere Copiâquè Cœli
Plus Proles Tua ditat: atque noſtra
Hi Lecti Reditus Tributa penſant.
Non fœtu pretioſiore Mater
Converſo in pretium Deo tumebat:
Sic Regnum veluti novum Britanni
Naſcentem modò Principem ſtupemus.
Ne poſſet Species perire Tanta,
Divorum hoc dederat Timor benignus
Excribi toties: nec in Tabellis
Solis vivere juſſerat verendi
Oris mite Decus, ſacramquè formam.
Crebrum hoc ventris Onus Tibi precamur:
Sis Aulæ, cupimus, Parenſquè veſtræ.
Non ullis ſatis Ipſa ſub figuris
O Regina coli potes: nec unquam,
(Major ſis animis licèt colentum,)
Tu Deſiderium impleas Tuorum.

Rob. Waring.

Exi

EXi jam gremio Puelle Matris,
Laſſis à ſuperis Rogatus, Exi!
Has dulces uteri moras trahentem,
Te Matris tenuit placens Cubile;
Cuius mollia clauſtra ne relinquas,
Naſci Te piget. At vocatus, Exi!
Intra viſcera Te ſoporientem,
Te Victoria, Te futura Regna,
Applauſu quaſi prævio laceſſunt:
Iam *Cunabula* ſerus appuliſti,
Olim Te *Solium* decet ſubactum.
Quin Exi! placido ſinu MARIÆ
Vitam ducere, pulchrius Trophæũ eſt:
Naſcendiq; decus, Corona Maior.
Ergo fundite Gratias Parenti,
Muſæ, Vos *ſteriles* nimis *Puellæ:*
Reginæq; Patriq; Cunuliſquè,
Diviſum officij referte munus.
Dulci cingere faſce floſculorum
Nos Floræ caput, aureiſq; ſpicis
Largam nectere Te, Ceres, ſolemus:
At quæ ſerta tegant caput MARIÆ?
Quæ florem gremio tulit Quaternum:
Florem, quem Ceres ipſa ſe fuiſſe,
Autumnoſq; ſuos pati, volebat:
Partiri ſobolem potes MARIA,
Toti parturiiſſe viſa mundo:
Si pergas iterum feracis alvi
Gemmas fundere, pertimeſcet orbis
Quas Pugnas mediteris, aut Ruinas.

At dignum Superis ſinum ferendis,
Natorum ſeges ampla ne fatiget:
Sit Vulgus Procerum; ſit inter vnam
Regis Progeniem Senatus & Plebs.
Nec verò minuas Tuum, MARIA,
Vitæ Stamina Fæta partiendo:
Ventri, quas pariet, Roſæ ſuperſint.
Partu, nec ſterilis Sibi; vigeſcat
Pulchris Filiolis coæua Mater.
Non Ieiunia, non ſevera Penſa,
Poſthæc ſæuior irroget Sacerdos;
Sed culpæ, Peperiſſe, ſit Piamen:
Immò ſit Meritum, ſubire Queſtus,
Fæcundaſq; Cruces, Toriq; Pænas,
Et quas Te voluit pati Maritus.
Ingens Lucta Tuæ meretur Alvi,
Ut ſit *Prole* feracior *Corona*,
Et *Cunis* numeroſior *Triumphus*.

MAVRITIVS BERKLEY.

DEſcende Apollo, plectra ſonantia
Lætus reſumas, Caſtalium nemus
Viſens; ſorores, fac, ut omnes
Pierijs ſaliant in antris:
Fæcunda nobis protulit alterum
Reginâ partum, gaudia Principi,
Regnoq; vires; perſonantem
Lætitiam geminavit aula.
Quandò ſecundum nunc ope proſpera,

Donet Mariæ Delia principem;
Succurre Muſis Phæbe, pergas
Aonidum accelerare partus:
Noſtros labores, carminibus favens,
Caſtæ ſorori jam parilis, leva;
Ne diſpar almæ Matri, amænum
Sicelidum ſterileſcat agmen:
Muſæ jocoſæ læta Genethlia
Cantate; Nymphæ lilia candida,
Mixtis roſis, inferte cunis
Et patrios cumulate flores.
Quid ſi recentem Wallia Principem,
Olimq; Regem protulit Angliæ?
Te grande nomen poſſidentem
Aſpiciet Boreale regnum:
Non, ſi priores Carolides tenet
Sedes, Coronam, ſceptraq; Regia
Nactus, latebis chare princeps;
Aſtra micant radiante Lunâ.

Geo. Ashwell, *Art Bac. è Coll. Wadh.*

REgina, (quæ dolores
Gratos licet tuliſti)
Quid languente vultu
Procumbis, aut venuſtum
Obnubilas decorem?
Dux ortus (ecce!) lucet,
Et altiore ſphærâ

Rotatus

Rotatus, inde regnum
Circumspicit paternum.
Quid ergo læta non es?
Fæcunditate vinces
Berecynthiam Cybellen,
Vincesquè dignitate,
Licet sit alma Mater
Vel omnium Deorum.
Fœcunditate vinces
Totum vel vna sexum.
Quid ergo læta non es?
En nostra Musa læta est,
Vocatq; Te MARIA,
Puerperam beatam.
O quando Musa nostra,
Spectas tuum decorem,
Ave MARIA dicat.

IO. GOAD, *Ioan.*

VIvificos nuper radios subtraxit Apollo,
Adverso tandem factus clementior orbi,
Phæbo decedente, Hyades, Saturnus inersquè,
Sydus & Arctoum cunctis immitius astris,
Irati rapiunt nostri moderamina mundi;
Hinc subito rerum facies mutata, tenebris
Obductum Cœlum, constrictaq; frigore Tellus,
Commotus Boreas, & si quis iniquior ipso,
Et mare provolvens vastos ad littora fluctus;
Nascitur interea CAROLO, regnoq; Britannûm

Princeps, (ô Lucina tuam mirabimur artem)
Nascitur in medio cœli, terræq; tumultu,
In medijsq; minis, & refragantibus astris;
Scilicet ut superis tantùm repetatur origo
Divinæ sobolis, cæloq; elapsa putetur,
Usq; scias, *Tempus nullum præscribere Regi.*

ESSEXIVS DEVEREVX *Equitis & Baronetti Filius è Coll. Linc.*

EBoracum tantâ peteres cum, CAROLE, pompâ;
Longum erat illud iter:
Facta viæ nupèr tibi sunt compendia: natum
Ecce domi Eboracum.

Τρὶς ἔτεκεν μήτηρ, καὶ τρὶς ἐγέλασε φίλον κῆρ:
Ἡμῖν γεννῶνται, Κάρολε, τρεῖς χάριτες.

HENRICVS-FREDERICVS THYNNE D. THOMÆ THYNNE *Equitis aurati filius E. Coll. Exon.*

EXequias tulit Ajaci, *Cunasq;* Gradivo
Flos; *prægnans* Deitate, invicti & Corporis *hæres*:
Lucinæ repetivit opus, molita secundum
Flora puerperium: & *caulem* religavit in vnum
Et *Superæ Mentis* vim, & inexpugnabile *Corpus*.
Prodi *Flos*, *Cælo* lapsus: spiramine fuso
Vicinam perfla terram, & contermina Regna:
Et peregrinus *odor*, *fragrantes* terreat Indos.

Floscule

Floſcule victrici folio procreſce: novaſque
Longinquis Impone *Roſas & Lilia* Sceptris.

GVIL. IVIE.

SÆpè ego præ reliquo neglectis orbe Britannis
Indoleo; tacituſque queror, quo numine divûm
Nos ſolos premerent ingloria tempora? Suecus
In Rhenum potuit Boream transfundere totum
Victriceſque Aquilas devincere, & uſque ſuperſtes
Funeribus fatoque ſuo, jam Sævior inſtat
Præſenti genio, cogitque in præliа gentes.
Quid Batavum repetam, fuſo qui clarus Ibero
Fulminat, & nobis dudum indidit æmula laudis
Pectora? Tu querulam Muſam (lux altera regni
Summe Heros) cohibes; tandem Te vindice litis
Magnas elati fortunas ſpernimus orbis,
Spes noſtras tantis auſi præferre triumphis.
Creſcas; & CAROLI referas veſtigia patris:
Audiat in terris quo non fœlicior alter.

SEVMER PYLE, *Baronetti filius natu minor, è Coll. Univerſ.*

O Chara proles; Delitiæ ſimul
Regni & Parentum: Semianimis fuit
Et manca, Te nato triumphat,
Anglia, jam pede fulta bino.

Non ſic polum ſtellæ decorant, caput
Regale non ſic nobilitant tuum
Vel gemmulæ : quam denſa proles,
Curia principibus relucens.

Qualis futurus, noſcere ſi cupis,
Infans, paterni ſis genii memor:
Prudens erit, fortiſque; Cunas
Quantus (Io!) patitur minutas!

Mater Roſas, & Lilia blandula
Miſcet Soror; ſic CAROLO erit minor
Ætate ſolum, ſubſequenti
Norma futura, typuſque proli.

IACOBVS CHVDLEIGH, *D. Georgii Chudleigh Baronetti fil.*

LVcinæ manus erravit formidine; penſat
Læſum tergemino fœnore Ventris onus.
Proles *prima* tulit vultum Patris, *altera* Matris:
Et ſanant geminos Gaudia bina Metus.
Vſque ferax uterus *repetitâ* prole reſarcit
Triſtitiam, Populo quam Libitina tulit.
Abſolvit Lucina ſuum jam Tertia Numen:
Liberat & *Mœſtos fœta* MARIA Deos.
Fœlix, quæ Cœlos exercet! Funere ab uno
Fœcundus Phœnix pignora trina dedit.

IOHANNES GLYD.

Fœcundos

Fœcundos recolens toros Mariæ,
Geſtit blandula parturire Muſa.
Preſſum concipit ocyùs Cerebrum,
Et prægnat Pia Mater, editura
Quod docto pede Curiam ſalutet,
Auguſto Pueroque dedicetur.
Aſt, heu, quàm malè ſperat æmulari
Fœtum Regificæ ſacrum Mariæ
Foêtus ruſticulæ rudiſque Muſæ.
Non, ſi jam pariat Iovis Cerebrum,
Fœtum Pallada fundat & ſecundam,
Non digno hæc celebrare poſſet ore
Germen nobile, molle, delicatum,
Anglûm gaudia, gloriam Brigantum.

A. W.

Siccine completum eſt, Numero Deus impare gaudet?
Omnia ſic tandem dicimus eſſe Tria?
Cùm Tu tergemino jam fœlix pignora ventris,
Delitias populi Præſidiumque paris:
Atquè iterum fauſtis optata laboribus adſit
Lucina, Ad partus ſæpe vocanda Tuos:
Eia agè, perge diu partu fœcunda potenti,
Prægnantemque uterum quilibet annus alat.
Carolvs ipſe licèt Patriæ Pater audiat: Et Tu
Publica diceris jure (Maria) Parens.

Pet. Bradshawe *LL. Bacc.*
è Coll. Divi Iohan. Bapt.

Quanquam

QUanquam (Magne Puer) naſcenti nulla comata
Fulſit Stella Tibi, claræ prænuncia famæ;
Haud tamen intraſti fauſto ſine lumine lucem.
Ecce ardore pio (devoti altaria vulgi)
Exurgunt paſſim flammæ; ſtellâque ſilente,
Accendiſſe diem gaudent; feſtoque triumpho
Plaudentes cœlo grates, & thura rependunt.
Salve Matris Amor, genitoris cura, benigni
Dona Dei, nova ſpes patriæ, populique Britanni
Delitiæ. En rata (Rex) faciunt jam fœdera cœli,
Sancitumque probant iterato pignore amorem.
Natum olim dextro indulſerunt, jamque ſiniſtro
Fulcimen lateri donant; ut tectus utrinque
Tutum poſſideas ſolium, ſecuraque Sceptra;
Ut nunquam Chari capitis veneranda ſenectus
Acclinata ruat tantis innixa columnis.
Vos, Muſæ, Chariteſque, Sacra ad cunabula molles
Maturate ſimul greſſus, blandoque fovete
Membra ſinu: nullus teneros premat impetus artus.
Iſte eſt (ni vanæ fallunt præſagia mentis)
Qui Carolo fratri triplicis moderamina Sceptri
Permittens; aliis olim diſtentus in oris,
Magnam huc legabit famam: qui vindice dextrâ
Hoſtiles turmas delebit; quæque nec omnes
Suſtineant Aquilæ, belli fera fulmina mittet.
Sic decus Anglorum & veteres renovabit honores.

Ed. Heigham, *A. B.*
Coll. Wad.

NAtos si Thalami ferant Egeni,
Pœnas parturiunt, soluto alvo
Infans, mox humeris onus secundum est:
Atlas Imperij est Puellus omnis,
Quem fundit gremius ferax Mariæ;
Firmando toties, parit Coronam.
Cælebs Imperium tuentur Arma,
Nos Cunabula: protegit Britannum
Alcides Diadema Fasciatus.
Chartas has capiant Manus tenellæ,
Chartas Historiæ suæ Futuras:
Hæ Musæ Crepitaculis yoventur,
Totus vix referet Tribus Triumphos.

Ioh. Style.

NOn aliena tuis, nec eris peregrina Britannis,
Nomen habes nostro diva Maria foro:
Iure peris Legatum, & juste scriberis Hæres,
Iure fugis Census, Muneribusq; vacas.
Expediit triplices Lucina Britannica partus,
Et Te Municipem vendicat esse suam.
Nullum onus impositum est Capiti, nullumq; gravamen,
Sed positum est utero pondus onusq; Tuo.
At Carolvm quæ dona manent: quem tertia proles
Invocat; & blæso murmurat ore Patrem?
Quæ Te dona manent? Meritos indicit honores
Lex tibi, & arguto præmia digna foro.
Permittunt Leges dubio Te absistere Marte,
Vt peragas Sacræ munia tuta Togæ,

Et meritò abſiſtas: nam qui tua ſigna per orbem
Ventilet, atq; Aquilas, Dux modò natus erat.

SAM. EVANS *LL. Bac. Nu. Coll.*

ANgliaci Numen Regni ter maxime Cæſar,
Fælix & tædis, & ſpe ſurgentis Iuli,
Sed nondum ſatis eſt: poſt primi pignora partus
Non Te demittit pietas, & prodiga cæli
Relligio, ſed Te ſuperi voluere ſecundis
Fælicem cunis, vt agant, hic Regis, & ille
Militis arma gerens, pacis, belliq; triumphos.

RICHARD IRELAND.

NOn, regnante ſuo Tonante, Creta
Tam ſecura fuit periculorum,
Quam, Te ſceptra tenente, Virgo MARIA
Auxit prole nova, metu ſoluta eſt
Tellus Anglica. Namq; ſe Britannus,
Iam factus triplici ſalutis arra
Certus, tertricies vocat beatum.
Iam multos ſibi pollicetur annos,
En! iam plus ſolito ſubens juvencis
Iunctis ſulcat agros arator, arvis
Iam ſpe ſeminà datq; certiori;
Iam fundare parat pater penates,
Iam fundum amplificat ſenex, ſub ipſum
Funus Mygdonias opes recondens,

Quas

Quas ſerus capiat nepos: Suorum
Iam nemo dubitat perennitatem,
Cùm natum Eboraci Ducem ſalutet.
Sic, fæcunda MARIA, nos beaſti,
Sic, ô ſic magis, ac magis, quotannis
Gentes Angliacas beare pergas.

CAROLE Magne, Tibi nata eſt jam tertia proles,
Implevit numerum jamq; MARIA ſacrum.
Charior hic numerus ſuperis: ſic, credimus, almæ
Veſtra Trias cœli charior eſt Triadi.

Io. HALSEY *Nov. Coll. Soc.*

NAſcenti Puero plica Corollam,
Ex conſanguineis Roſis Corollam.
Tot Natalibus excitata Pallas,
Tadas arripit, haurit & *Calorem*:
Omnem *flamma* perurit Hippocrenen.
Prægnandi juvenile pungit æſtrum
Effætos uteros: peroſa Veſtam,
Matriſſare Puella cæpit omnis.
Hæc fingit tumidæ gravamen alvi;
Hæc luctam ſimulat Tuam, MARIA;
Pulchris oſcula figit *Illa* Pupis.
Non Lucina, Thalaſſio, nec Hymen,
Anglis Tu præeris, MARIA, Tædis.

RICHARD GLYD.

CAROLE quid Sceptri dilaſſas pondere dextram?
Et terno inſigni tempora cincta geras,
Auro depoſito ſpirantes indue gemmas,
Natorumq; triplex ſit diadema chorus.

EDM. WYLDE *Equitis aurati filius*
Natu maximus.

QVid, puer illuſtris, deſles? Natale ſalutans
Cur importuno turbas pia gaudia fletu?
Non ſunt venturi lachrymæ hæ prænuncia fati
Omina, non præſaga mali. Tibi formet in auro
Lætos Parca dies, cognataq; ſtamina Divis
Contexit. (Credas, Sunt & ſua numina Muſis)
Cernere num lachrymans poteris patriæq; Tuiquè
Patrem? Qui magnis ſceptrum virtutibus ornat,
Virtutem ſceptris? Cui jam moderamina terna
Eſt tenuiſſe parum, moderamina plura merenti.
Inſuper & lachrymæ ſtillant? Quin aſpice fratrem
Carolidem, ut loquitur, partitaq; verba refringit,
Atq; anguſta brevi amplexu tua pectora ſtringit.
Ille ſenex populos venturi tempore ſæcli
Sub ſeniore regat. Tu dum felicior, Ille
Emineat major. Nactus faſtigia rerum
Quas impune licet tetigiſſe, quid amplius optes?
Quæ ſupra ſplendent, ſunt celſa pericula tantum.
Te requies manet, & curarum ignara voluptas;
Te titulus, CAROLO qui ſæpè ſuperbijt ipſo.
Et vel adhuc pergunt criſtalla madentia vultum
Dedecorare Tuum? Conceſſas reſpuis auras?

Et

Et naſci mors vna tibi eſt. Proh fata! Sed audi;
Te vocitat Regina, puer; Te mater. Eundum eſt.
Ecce roſas ſuper ora tuas, vernantia Labra,
Perq; genas oculoſq; relucet plurima Mater
Iam teneros video riſus: Nunc tergis ocellos.
Edidici tandem quæ ſit tibi cauſa dolendi:
Ergo fleant alij ventura pericula; naſcens
Tu tantum ploras vterum liquiſſe Mariæ.

Ed. Bathvrst *Bac. Art. & Trin. Col. alumnus.*

CAroLe, quòd Diadema coæquas Prole Britannum;
Nec parit Hæredes extera Terra tuos:
Non retuliſſe ſat eſt, noſtri libamen honores;
Præſtat poſteritas officioſa ſuum.
Non unus potes affectum exhaurire Tuorum:
Fœcundis natis Te geminare decet.
Ut quod non poterit plebs juncto effundere voto,
Penſum diviſæ relligionis agat.

Sam. Clarke.

QVi Soteria Cæſaris Britanni
Quiq; olim Perigæa ſolis Angli
Non Mæſtis cecini modis Poeta;
Nunc pangam cytharas beatiores,
Et felicius excitabo carmen,

Nunc

Nunc Genethliaco ferar furore,
Ah jam mitte, tuis licet periclis
Major, mitte tuis tamen periclis
Te nobis dare (Magne) Chariorem:
Sic velim CAROLO frui Britanno,
Illum ut delicias Deiq; Curam
Non tam victa probet ruina, quàm Sol,
Sol semper nitidus, quies salusq;
Æterna, & mare Regibus superbis
Ventosum CAROLO vnico quietum.
Sin audire cupis tuas Camænas,
Sin videre cupis cruore nostro
Prælum & Carmine plurimo laborans;
I novos CAROLOS, novas MARIAS,
I plures genera Duces; tenellas
Vt quæ nunc Charites adæquat, olim
Stirps vincat numero novem Camænas.

Abripiunt Primum sibi lucida Sydera Fætum;
O tristes Superi, Sydera dura nimis!
Proquè Vno hoc rapto tria stemmata sacra reponunt;
O mites Superi, Sydera dura minus!
Exulta Cæsar, soboles datur æqua Coronis,
Tot modò Tu natos, quot modò Regna vides:
Nec volo sis Prolis nimis Anxius ipse salutis;
Non posthac vel Rex, vel Pater orbus eris:
Solvit nimirùm Cælo quæ debita sors est,
Primitias uteri Vestra MARIA sui.

GEORG. WILDE *Iurista, Ioan.*

Quam

QVam varia hæc vita est: totus modò perstrepit orbis
De tristi fato & funere (Suede) tuo.
Inde ferox bellum & sævissima mortis Imago,
O quanti heroes, quot periere duces?
En *nova* tot gemitus inter *gratissima* nobis,
Regius in nostro nascitur orbe puer.
Funde merum Genio, veteres cessate querelæ,
Personet his terris nil nisi dulce melos.

ROB. BVRTON S. T. B.

DEbemus, Phœbea cohors, Academia Musas
Exclusit miseras: cum Tu Regina beato
Læta puerperio, triplici fulcimina Regno
Adjicis, & nobis pleni conamina voti:
Fælix prole tuâ, fælix plaudente Marito.
Commendatum uterum superis, divina benignâ
Demulsit Lucina manu, Genijq; potentem
Explicuit natura Ducem; quem CAROLVS, optat
Frater, amicitiæ Comitem; Rex CAROLVS infert
Ordinibus Procerum, præfertq; prioribus Anglis
Delicias alias, & solo Fratre minorem.
Tuq; adeo Rex ipse, Tuam Calydonia Gentem
Regna petens, dum finitimas juvat ire per urbes,
Mænia lustrasti tanto cognomina Nato:
Hîc, Tibi Patricij non displicuere timores
Nec Prætoris onus; Quin Maiestate serenâ
(Da plectrum, Cæsar, da tanta imitamina vocis)
Sic dignatus eras, Capio molimina læti

Obsequij

Obsequij, totoq; libens Ego pectore grator
Quod memoris populi dicor Rectorquè, Paterquè;
Tum, Cives, vestris fæliciter annuo cæptis
Cum Pater Urbis ero: nec spes, nec semina desunt
Lætitiæ (gravidam, Deus alme, tuere Mariam.)
Natus erit, vestrum decus, & spes altera regni
Qui mihi subiectam pro me sibi temperet Vrbem,
Vrbem excelsam, amplam, tectisq; opibusq; superbam.
Non opus hîc magnæ decumbat sarcina Matris
Sat, vobis popularis, erit. Provincia plaude
Nativoq; assuesce duci; Dare singula, parcum est,
Cedat humus votiva, suoq; sacretur Alumno.
At Tu, Clare Puer, Sæpe munera, Lilia, Galli
Angligenûmq; Rosas sint hæc præludia, formæ
Candoremq; Rubor variatâ misceat arte.
Alba, caduca Rosa est; faciunt Insignia mixtæ
Regia: sic pulchrè spirant; sic Gemma Rosarum
CAROLVS, Inferior Tu, stirpe creatus eadem.

GVIL. HAYDOCKE *Art. Bac. Coll. Nov. Soc.*

QVod Te, magne puer, peperit Regina sub alto
Noctis, erat sacri Numinis illud opus.
Insolitam ut stupeat lucem plebs singula! nocte
Dum mediâ solem credidit esse novum.
Tantus erat fulgor tanti sub principis ortu;
Non aliter nasci debuit iste puer.

THOMAS HOSKINS

PRincipe quid metuat *Brittannia* tuta ſecundo?
Oceani, & Claſſis ſupplet uterque vicem.
Quis CAROLVM geminâ ſubnixum ſtirpe laceſſet?
Mirum! Tres terrent, quàm tria regna, magis.
Partubus enumeres annos *Auguſta Maria*:
Annus, ſi tali ſit ſine prole, perit.
O, immortales parias! leviore ruinâ,
Quàm poterunt Tanti, regna perire queant.

P. ALLIBOND *Art. Mag.*
Coll. Linc. Soc.

O Quas *Britanni* CAROLO grates agent,
Per quem paratur arte tam dulci ſalus!
Non dira *Martis* arma, non cæſi mares
Ab hoſte tutas Inſulas noſtras tegunt,
Sed blanda *Veneris* arma, ſed geniti mares.
Illud diebus plurimis totus nequit
Vulgus, quod unâ nocte Rex ſolus poteſt.
Quorſum petantur caſtra? res agitur thoris.
Tunc, tunc beatas *Angliæ* ſedes puto,
Non cùm popelli ſanguinem minuit labor,
Sed cùm Monarchæ ſanguinem exauget quies.

NIC. OLDISWORTH.

Τριωσὺς μὲν παῖδας, τρισὰ δ' ὤπασ' ἄναρχος πάντρα,
ἀνθ' ὧν Ὀξονίη στέμματα τρισσὰ φέρει.

JACOBVS SPANIOLETTVS
Cretenſis è Coll. Lincoln.

ERgò non temerè est trinoctiali
Musam parturiisse de labore,
Et tam difficilem fuisse partum,
Et tam Serò puerperam Thaliam.
Non est, non leve parturire. Téque
Matre, de Patre CAROLO, MARIA,
Semper prodeat *Hercules* necesse est.
Illis qui parat audienda Divis
Parnasso, Endymionis instar, ævum
Fas est somniet in sinu Sororum.
At Tu, Carole, tot Pater Poëtis,
Tu Lucina, MARIA, tot Poëtis,
Musarum tenerè educate fœtus;
Sic Vatum Soboles cubans sub alis
Tanti numinis ipsa cum tenellis
Crescat Principibus, boérque adulta,
Mundo CAROLIDÛM eminentèr ausa.
Macte CAROLE ter Parens, MARIÆ
Et Musis Age Suavitèr moleste,
Reges gignere & usque & usque perge,
Quos mox præficias Subactor Orbi
Magno CAROLE Major audiende.
Sic sic multiplica annuos labores
Musis, Conjugi & annuos dolores.

G. HUTTON *Ioan. LL.B.*

Nec-

NEc-dum beare desinis, pergis nova
Cumulare dona subdirisve parùm semel
Dedisse nobis Ectupon Tui, nisi
Cudatur alia rursùs editio recens,
Relegenda detur Regis & Pars Altera?
Binum volumen ergò jam curtum nimis
CAROLO exprimendo, subditus nemo queri
Audeto. Trinis ecce divisum Tomis.

RICHARDUS LLOYD *Bac. Art.*
è Coll. Omn. Anim.

REgale CAROLI stemma, materni recens
Hæres decoris, tertium lætis venis
Solamen *Anglis*, qui futurorum Tuo
Vident renatam gaudiorum ortu diem.
Inter MARIÆ mille basia, CAROLI
Læti paternos inter amplexus, Parens
Dum brachiorum fasciis cinctam tegit
Uterque prolem, sèque depictum Tuis
Agnoscit oculis, libeat ad nostros, rogo,
Lallare cantus, qui Tuis natalibus
Concinimus, olim quale *Cretenses Jovi*
Cunis strepuerant, singulos unum hoc Tuos
Fecit Poetas, Musicam tribuens Amor:
Hunc gratulatur CAROLUS parvum minor,
Natúmque tandem gestit æqualem sibi
Videre, quo cum adultus inveniat jocos:
Quin & MARIÆ matris effigies, rudi,
Quâ voce liceat, incipit nomen novi
Amare fratris: fertilem credit satis

Annum colonus quando Te natum videt
Iratus astris nuper, atque uberem sibi
Messem futuram spondet è cunis Tuis.
Crescit *Britannis* indies tecum scatens
Fons gaudiorum, regna dum pariter Tria
Curam metumque MARIÆ partûs prece
Solvunt in unâ; *sæpè sic fiat parens.*

W. LOUELEDGE *Ædis Christ. Alumn.*

STella diurna Tuas (Dux Illustrissime) Cunas
Non, ut Fraternas, insigniit: Ipse coruscans
Tu tibi Stella, jubar rutilans Tibi: mutuus addat
Cui tenebras radius, non lucem: Lampadis instar
Cujus stat fumosus apex, cùm lumina spargit
Undique supremo libratus in æthere Phœbus;
Fax geminata magis caligat, singula fulget
Clarior; & gemmam proprio splendore micantem
Celat protensæ, non monstrat, flamma lucernæ.
In cœlo rarum nil cernitur: Hoc tibi nato
Portenti satis est, quòd nasceris: accipit unûm
Vix Elephas ingens partum, ventrisque tumentis
Vel semel, ipsa timet Natura, quod intulit audax;
Grande incrementum: Soboles Tu quarta beâsti
Majorem CAROLUM. Rex verè proximus audit
Ille Deo, quicunque Pater. Nisi prole fruatur
In quâ perplaceat sibi, vix Deus ipse beatus
Esse potest; adeò capiunt hæc nomina Divos
Filius atque Pater. Quàm Diis es (CAROLE) cordi
Tu, quem progenie toties ditâre recenti!

Et

Et jam fortè vides, ut Majestatis honores
Finibus angustis arctati emergere certent;
Ut totum spirent genitorem! clausta refringunt
Qui ventris Teneri, pertumpent orbis Adulti:
Privatus non stare potest, de sanguine quisquis
Stemma trahit Carolī. Quòd classis *Ibera* ruebat
Littora continuans longo distantia dorso,
Quæris an *Hispanis* unde hæc audacia? nullus
Filius innuptæ turmas ducebat *Elizæ*.
Non tàm circundantis aquæ munimen ab hostis
Impete defendit Tua Regna (Monarcha), fluentum,
Quàm quod, ab Augusto Regalis sanguinis ortum
Fonte, vident Tantum Te circumstare Parentem.
Jam ratus Imperii status est, Ancilia postquàm
Tot cœlo demissa cadunt. Post pignora Divûm
Tot data, Qui nostros audent invadere fines?
Tertia stes cervix, magnæ nova gaudia Matris;
Sustentes patriam, baculus, nervúsque secundus:
Crescas Patris imago Tui, cælavit in auro
Quam non auri-faber, sed quæ limatior exit
E meliore luto, conamen opúsque potentis
Cæsaris, & Regis nomportio nulla Paterni.
Turgescat tali Tua (*Cæsar*) Palmite vitis
Sæpius, & *simili frondescat virga metallo*:
Viscera sic Terræ, Mariæ; sic Lilia Spinas
(Rex) Tua, sic steriles Rosa compensabit Aristas.

QUò *Lodovice* limites regni novos
Extendis? aut cur *Gallia* nuper foràs
Tumultuantur arma? sollicitus tuo
Vel sæpè damno quæris imperium, domi
Quod CAROLVS auget, nudus in thalamis agens
Majora victor, quàm tuus campis potest
Armatus ardor. Quantus, ô, Exercitus
Tutatur Anglos! quodque stupeamus magis,
Vagitat Agmen fasciis ingens suis.
His, his Britannus prole tergeminâ ferax
Superbit armis *Cæsar*, & gentes sibi
Videt propinquas supplices: totum hunc frequens
Suggessit Hæres providum exteris metum,
Non ter Monarcham, ter Patrem CAROLVM timent.
At perge *Mariæ* Frater, & quamvis adhuc
Nullam obseratus conjugis prolem thoro
Promittit uterus, degener solium tuum
Non occupabit: Anglia rependet retrò,
Quòd inde Matrem ceperit, Sobolem Tibi.
Fœcunda Fratri sic Soror pariet, Suo
Sic sortietur CAROLO titulum parem,
Ut utriusque prodeat patriæ Parens.

GVL. BORRASEVS *Eq. Aurat. filius Æd. Chr. Alumn.*

CONtinuant Superi pleno diffusa favore
Dona, iterúmque novo Regina puerpera partu
Multiplicat Regi Natos & gaudia plebi.
Unum, ah! quàm dubiè & trepidante Britannia dextrâ
Filiolum CAROLI tenuit? Quæ remige ab uno

Navigii

Navigii tutela? Ampli molimina tecti
Quàm nutare ſolent tibicine ſimplice fulta?
Securos animos, Princeps Auguſte, Britannis
Non niſi Natorum ſeries numeroſa miniſtrat:
Angliacum, firmâ conſtat compage recumbens
Jam gemino Atlanti, Cœlum; ſpondétq; ſecundos
Succeſſus ſocio fulgens cum ſydere Caſtor.
Sic Patriæ decet eſſe Patrem, gignendo futuros
Tot Patriæ Patres: Ternæ ecce Crepundia prolis
Exæquant tria ſceptra Patris, diademáq; triplex
Non caput auguſtum CAROLI, non tempora ſacra
Sic decorant, ſuras, ut circumfuſa, pedeſque
Iſta Trias Regum, Patris cùm ludet in aulâ,
Et veſti appendix imæ demiſſa procabit
Oſcula: Amyclæos inter ſic candida fratres
Reptavit, luſitque Helene; ſic nocte ſerenâ
Admiſcere ſolent mediæ duo ſydera Lunæ
Confines radios, ut Fratri parvula utrique
Interjecta Soror, gaudet proferre loquaces
Blanditias Patri, & prædulci fragmine linguæ
Dimidios tentare ſonos, qui pectora Regis
Ingeſtis Regni curis obſtructa relaxem.
Olim ſi Fratres Thebanâ lite cruorem
Alternum ſitiant, ſi miſtis priſca caleſcant
E nivibus Borea rediviva incendia belli;
Tu, pulchella Soror, gladios hinc inde furentes
Excuties Ducibus, luctantes qualitèr undas
Mitigat, & geminum gracilis mare ſeparat Iſthmos:
Cognatas acies mediæ ut junxêre Sabinæ.
At nullo Superi ſignârunt omine cunas
Naſcentis Pueri: Fratris cùm ſtella venuſtet

Natalem

Natalem, Sydus tanquam Boreale, Corona
Scotorum, Eboraci Duce Te nascente, coruscat
Phœbæâ de fronte Patris: Quale audiet olim
Anglorum decus hoc, quo Nato sese innuit Ipsum
Indignum Genitor tantus, nisi tempora cingat
Alter honos, triplicíque caput confulgeat auro?
Perge MARIA, Tuô numerosior exeat alvo
Progenies: Lucina Tibi cruciamina plura
Accumulet, gemitúsque Tui sint gaudia nostra;
Languores uteri cedant in robora Regni,
Ut Procerum Fraterna cohors totum impleat Aulam,
Cæsareúmque Agmen, scandátque Synedria sacra
Quem genuit Princeps, unâ de stirpe, Senatus.

R. SWAYNE, *Æd. Ch. Alumn.*

IAm nihil O Superi! querimur *Mariæve* dolores,
Metúsve tristes nuper ægri CAROLI:
Non aliam reperire viam si Numina tandem,
Nec Fata poterant nascituro Principi,
Ipsa perîcla placent tantâ mercede, damúsque
Veniam libentèr, & Deos absolvimus.
Sic, Augusta, diu sic fœcundissima Regum,
Novóque semper implearis Principe:
Et cùm terra suas dederit lætissima messes,
Autumnus (ut nunc), *Cæsar*, incipiat tuus.

Ad Ducem Eborac.

Εἴκελος ἴσθ' ὦ παῖ, ψυχὴν πατρὶ, σῶμα δὲ μητρὶ,
Τοῦδε μὲν ἀνδρείαν, τῆς δὲ τὸ κάλλος ἔχων.

παῖδα

παῖδά γε θαυμάσιον πρέπει ἔμμεναι, ἠδὲ παναυγῆ,
Ὦ βασιλεὺς γενετὴρ, καὶ βασίλισσα τοκάς·
ποῖος γάρτε, βροτοὶ, καὶ ὡς μέγας ἔσσεται ἀστὴρ,
Εἰ Φοῖβος Φοίβην ἔγκυον ἐμποιέῃ;

THOMAS GREAVES.
Art. Bacc. C.C.C.

In Natalem Ducis Eboracen: Ann. Dom. 1633, quo Conjunct. ♄ ♀.

QUem cùm *Marte Venus* prospexit Matris in alvo,
Nascitur; & celebrem signat honore diem.
Errant, qui dirum dicunt arsisse Cometen,
Non triste in cunis Principis Ille rubet.
Pono metum; non sic *Chaldæus* somnia fingit,
Nec qui *Niliacas* incola potat aquas.
Æqua animos cœlo, Puer, & cùm adoleveris annos,
Quæ partu spondent sydera, disce, doce.

Χαῖρε παῖ, μορφὴ Βασιλῆος, ἀστὴρ
Λαμπετῶν, ἐλπὶς φίλα τοῖς Βρεταννοῖς,
Ὄυνομ', ἢ μοῦσας γ', ἀρετήν τε πάππῳ
Ἴκελος ἔστω.

Ὀλβίης γαστὴρ σ' ἐλόχευσε μητρὸς,
Οὐδὲ θνητὴ ὄσκεν, μάλα δὴ θέαινα,
Τρὶς τέκ' ἀνθρώποις, μακάρεσσ' ἅπαξ δ'
Ἀθανάτοισι.

Λίσσομαι τοίνυν Κρονίωνα, λητοῦς
Παῖδέ τε κλυτὼ, Σεμέλης στάχυν τε,
Ἄβροπον, Κλωθὼ, λάχεσίν τε, Κῆρας
Αἰὲν ἐόντας.

Πανὶ Κυλλήνης μεδέοντι κλεινῆς
Εὔχομαι, καὶ τῇ μεγάλῃ Αθηνῇ,
Ὡς ἂν Αγγλοῖσιν μερόπασσι φέγγοις,
Ἥλιος εὖτε.

Ζεὺς δότο σκῆπτρον, σοφίην Ἀπόλλων,
Καὶ λόγους Ἑρμῆς, ἀρετὴν Ἐνυὼ,
Καὶ βίην Ἄρης, Κυθέρεια κάλλος
Μειδιάσασα.
Ὡς ὑπερβάλλης Ἀγαμέμνον ἀρχῆ,
Τῇσι βουλῇσιν Πύλιον γέροντα,
Ἀλκὶ χιλλῆ, Μακροβίους ἔτεσσι,
Νιρέα τ' εἴδει.

FRAN. ROUS, *Col. Merton.*

QUid vult iste tumultus in plateis,
Flammarum & crepitus, rogas viator?
Est enixa novam MARIA prolem.
O sic perfice Cæsaris Togæque
Semper gaudia, vota, Spes, & Aulæ.
Quàm Tu sollicitos, facis Briuannos,
Prægnans Diva? Tibi timere fas est,
Ex quo CAROLIDEM sinu tulisti:
Tanti pondere ne laboris haustus
Rursus deficiat, precesque fallat.
Quin luctum citò pelle suspicacem;
Tutò Augusta Trias Sata est MARIA.
Ternum, Trine Deus, beato germen:
Gallus, Brito pius, ferox Iernus
Huic subsint (tria regna) Ternioni.
Tu nodis triplices tribus colores
Nectas Aulice; brachio sinistro
Nectas licia terna; CAROLO impar
Est gratus numerus, Deæque Matri.

TH. LLOYDE
LL. Bacc. Ioan.

Ternâ

TErnâ Carole ter-Beate Prole,
Quem Morbi priùs à furore Salvum,
Mox è limite Scotico Receptum,
Et nunc Nomine Triplici Parentem
Anno concelebravimus Ter uno,
Ternâ Carole ter-Beate Prole:
Sic longas, Tibi, Triplicique Proli,
Tres Parcæ pariant Beatitates,
Sic Trium Charitum cohors ministret,
Sic Ter Tres Tibi serviant Camænæ;
Ut Tu, Pieridesque, Gratiæque,
Fatorúmque, quod ufpiam invehitur,
Magno Pignore jam Tibi Obligâti
Ternâ (Carole Ter-Beate) Prole.

Guil. Barker, *Art. Mag. Nov. Coll. Socius.*

NOn immaturos terræ miramur honores,
Aut Annum messem vix habuisse suam:
Destituit Natura solum, ut molimine toto
Alvum fœcundet, pulchra Maria, Tuam.
Hinc messe integrâ Cereris præstantior unâ
(Regina) ex utero crevit Arista Tuo.

G. Souch, *ex Aula Sti Edmundi.*

POst uteri durum pondus, gemitusque MARIÆ,
Nos fœtum luctâ non leviore damus.
Quem placidum, Vestræ Proli similemque precamur,
Ut teneas manibus (CAROLE Magne) Tuis:
Carmina quo fato si non sunt digna, tenellus
Hæc Infans pergat dilacerare manu:
Ipsis ut bello Cunis præludat, & omen
Edat, quid nobis gens inimica, ferat.

MILES CROUCH,

PEgaseum bibat amnem alter, me sola Poëtam
Infante nato reddet unda Baptismi:
Hoc facili partu crimen (Lucina) piasti
Quo cruda primi fata luximus Nati;
Agnosco pueri vagitum, agnosco strepentes
Cunas, canoras nænias que nutricis:
Jam quantum, O quantum lætabitur alma MARIA
Dividere sese Liberis Tribus Matrem!
Ut plaudet! cum certantes spectaverit unà!
Dum quisque totas vindicat Sibi mammas!
Ast illi, tandem binis ætatibus actis,
Blandè loquaces fracta garrient verba;
Tum quoq; mammarum obliti, vibice querente
Trochum per Aulam Regiam flagellabunt:
Postquam autem matura ætas attulerit, hostes
Cædent flagello ferreo rebellantes.
Ergo, Maria, gravis turgescat sæpiùs alvus,
Parit, Quietem vel Tuus Labor, nobis.

GUIL. WALLWIN
Ioannensis.

Post

QUòd tam grande tonat CAROLI terrâque maríque
Auguſtum nomen, terror utrique Polo,
Quòd tutos Nos eſſe jubet conterminus Òrbis,
Martis non opus hoc, ſed Cytherea, Tuum:
Non metuunt Gentes CAROLINE Pondera ſceptri,
Pondera ſed ventris, pulchra Maria, Tui;
Nè cùm non capiat numeroſam Patria Prolem,
His olim virtus extera regna paret:
Cæſareæ ſobolis ſunt ipſa Crepundia tantis:
O quantus terror Sceptra tenentis erit!

JOH. HERON *Armig. fil. Nat. Max.*

PLures feracis (CAROLE) palmitis
Excerpe Gemmas ſæpiùs annuas;
Replere pergas hiſce fiſcum;
Ditior haud potes eſſe, Cæſar.
Unus Character plus valet hic Tui
Jam Natus, omni qui Tibi fingitur
Quâcunque maſſâ: nec monetâ
Quantum Prole, Tuâ beamur.
Magni ſigilli plus colimus notam,
Impreſſa ſi quæ ſit CAROLI manu;
Quantum O! meretur, Cera fiat
Si quoque Cæſaris arte, Cultum!
Tu margaritis nè capitis decus
Illuſtris ornes, quas dedit exterus:
Fœcunda pergit dum MARIA,
Gemma frequens decorat Coronam.

GEORGIUS HERON

Lucinæ Sacrum.

O Quæ, Deorum partubus,
Hominúmq; ades natalibus,
Amica certa, infantulis,
Prægnantibúsque matribus,
Lucina, te cantabimus.
Te, dum sonare pollice
Lyram docebit Pythius,
Te dum Lyæus cæcubo,
Mulæve gaudent cantibus,
Lucina, Te cantabimus.
Dum terra potat grandines,
Terrámque potant arbores;
Aurámque potant æquora,
Phœbúsque potat flumina,
Ipsúmque Phœbe, Apollinem,
Lucina Te cantabimus.
Seu Tu Diana noctibus,
Seu Juno præsis lucibus,
O vera fac sis Regiæ
Lucina semper conjugi,
Post fata, póstque sæcula
Vitam datura Carolo.

THO. RANDI LL. B.
Reg. Coll. Soc.

TRes Tibi sunt Nati totidem Tibi, CAROLE, Regna:
Hinc Tu Regis habes nomen, & inde Patris:
Te Natura Patrem fecit, successio Regem:
Justitiâ Princeps factus es, atque Pater.
Jam Proli & Regis nomen commune, per illam
Tu populi & Sobolis Rexque Paterque Tuæ.

BENJAMIN MASTER.

FŒdato lacrymas vultu deterge, *Maria*,
Nec memores uteri pondera dura Tui.
Discedat luctus, gravidi non æmula ventris,
Jam tumeant lachrymis lumina fœta suis.
En dignum CAROLI thalamis regalibus ortum,
Quo cuperes, luctu vel graviore, frui.
En vestri speculum, qui pulchræ filia Matris,
Et verno Patrias exprimit ore rosas:
Illius, ut flores, quos terris Bruma negarat,
Naturam credas interuisse gemis:
Ut superet tempus glaciali frigore, blandi
Nec deerit (nato Principe) veris honos.
Eia, age, ne sceptrum manibus vibrato tremendum,
Sed pueri (genitor) membra pusilla tui:
Hìc figas oculos, te vix evolvere nostra
Vel celeri patrias munera scripta manu.
Et pia Progenie tam lætere Marita,
Tristitiæ pretium qua gravioris habes:
Nec tantum jactes, Te Natum, Regia Mater,
Lætitiam populo quam peperisse tuo.

FRA. POWEL.

Quod

Ad Reginam.

QUod tibi tam facilis partus, minimísque querelis,
Et pænè es nullo facta dolore Parens:
Hoc Deus indulsit votis, precibúsque Tuorum,
Excidit ut gremio flosculus Ille Tuo.
Aspice quàm dulcem gestabant viscera prolem,
Quàm suave & blandum parturientis onus!
Pulchra satis soboles, nec laus est ista Poëtæ,
Cùm videas veris Lilia mixta Rosis.

JOH. TREVOR.

HÆredem CAROLO primum Regina ferebas,
Et *Cambris* Dominum, Cornubiæque Ducem.
Nunc Heröem enixa alium benè prospicis oræ
Arctöæ, hinc Dominum terra Brigantis habet.
Nec tua desistat soboles augescere, donec
Hæc titulos omnes occupet una domus.

THOM. BARTHOLEMEW *Armig.*
fil. natu max. Ioan.

Ad Regem.

O Quàm densa tuo surgunt fulcimina regno!
Sic gignunt inopes, sic peperêre casæ;
Rara sub Augustis numerosa Puerpera Plumis,
Flere Hæ stantem uterum & sceptra caduca solent:
Antè Deus dederat dotes Tibi Principis omnes,
Dat Tibi nunc etiam quæ bona plebis erant.

HENR. KILLIGREW.

Salte

QUòd modò desieris Scoticas Tu visere Cunas,
(O quàm fœlices) CAROLE magne, Tuas:
Nil leve Te retrahit; vocat ad Cunabula Conjux,
Vagitúsque, Tuis Anglica terra, pares.
O quàm sunt studio Tibi *Cæsar* uterque *Britannus*,
Anglis qui pariter vis, & adesse *Scotis*;
Quem modò Tu *Borean* liquisti, accedere rursùs
Te juvat, & radiis Hunc refovere novis:
Ergò Ducem donas, *Augustum* stemma, Paterni
Hæredem vultûs, cui CAROLINUS honos.
Ne culpes non visa Tuas *Hibernia* sortes,
Scotia difficiles neve Relicta Tuas,
Festinat CAROLUS (Vos expectate) benignâ
Arte simul regnis Totus inesse Tribus.
Sit Curæ hoc Vobis, Titulos ut detis, utrique
Donabit CAROLUS, Stirpe vigente, Duces.

FRANCISCUS GODWIN.

ITe procul cædes, & quæ intestata sequuntur
Funera, dirarum, sæva minaxque cohors,
Fœlices Britones Regina puerpera reddit,
Cingit & hæredum plena caterva Patrem.
Hæc Superûm cura est, nostrum ne *Atlanta* farigent
Tot placuit scapulis, imposuisse polum.

GU. DUTTON *Equitis Aurati,*
filius nat. min. Col. Æneanæ.

CAROLUS affulsit nostris lux prima Britannis,
Proxima visa nitens stella MARIA fuit.
Syderis alterius radios nunc cerne, Deorum
Scilicet officium Rex agit, astra creat.

R. JENYNS, *Col. Mag.*
Eq. fil. nat. Max.

IUs sibi tergeminæ Prolis non nomine falso
Arrogat Augustus Carolus, Lucina Vetúsque
Utraque prægnanti toties famulata Mariæ,
Hoc indulsêrunt. Similem dum Cæsar honorem
Donavit populo, sibimet spondere nequivit;
Quémque Tripartiti mundi fecêre Monarcham
Repletæ toties civili sanguine terræ,
Illum Prolifico repletus semine, Patrem
Non dedicêre Trium Natorum, Conjugis alvus:
Sceptra hinc post fatum incerto laceranda reliquit
Hæredi infœlix Cæsar. Sed nobile vulgus
Regalis Sobolis, Patriæ fulcimina Regni
Accrescunt Carolo, multa hoc de palmite *Gemma*,
Ut non avulsâ defecerit *altera* Prima.
Macte, quòd hâc methodo Genitor sis, Prole virili
Fœmineam superans: prohibes hinc pondera Sceptri
Imbellesdibrare manus, fragilésque lacertos,
Unica dum maribus respondet Filia binis,
Hi sceptris apti, sed Regibus Illa ferendis,
Augusti Hi Patris, fœcundæ Illa æmula Matris.
Dum domus intumeat titulis, & nomine multo
Hispana, & Galli series Borbonia Regni,
Non tamen intumeant uteris prægnantibus; Hæres
Deest vacuæ pompæ, nostræ ut Lucina Mariæ
Regia fœcundet toto conamine ventrem,
Destituit thalamos alios; at mutuò utrique
Donabit populo Reges Carolina propago:
Non Regina Tuos partus Gens una coarctat:
Implebunt isti Proceres patriosque Ducatus,
Externosque Thronos; ut tandem nomine magno
Non Patriæ tantùm dicaris Mater, at Orbis.

I. Yates.

SAlve blande Puer, Túque puerpera
Salve; Progeniem ſalvaque in alteram
Vive: & Prole Tuâ quilibet Angliæ,
Et quiſquis Britonum eſt turgeat angulus.
Promittunt Superi: gloria Wallicæ
Gentis ſunt uteri primitiæ Tui:
Dos eſt Sceptriferi proxima Coniugis:
Inſignis titulis emicat arctico
Stirps poſtrema polo: pluribus & locus,
Et reſtat Titulus; perge puerpera,
Ad Prolem Priami perge noviſſimam

GEORG. ZOVCH *Nov. Col. Soc. Art. Bac.*

VAde per Anglorum gratiſſima fama Penates,
Vade; nec ambiguâ quiſquam ſua gaudia fronte
Diſſimulet, flammis rutilent fulgentibus arces,
Det lœtos campana ſonos, populique potentis
Lucinæ innumeris cumulent altaria donis.
Regius en infans, noſtræ ſpes altera Gentis
Prodiit in lucem, Dedit & jam (CAROLE) Conjux
Tot partus, quot ſceptra Deus. Nos ſæpe beatos
Redde puerperiis, numerúmque ſororis Elizæ
Æmulus exupera. Princeps licet omnibus unus
Sufficit, atque unum cupimus tria Regna Monarcham,
Tu plures concede Duces: Ut nulla ſedenti
In ſolio Regi peregrino littore nato
Sæcla genu flectant. Vos Neſtora vincite Fratres
Ingenio atque Annis, & cùm Libitina vocârit,
Unde hanc directo videatis ſydera gentem,
Fulgete Arctoo duo Sydera fixa ſub Axe.

RICH. ARCHEDALE *Col. Wad. Com.*

SQuallens catervas trepido in oppositas gradu
Procedit agmen, nullâ cùm tergùm nova
Subsidia vallant : tenue quàm filum, salus
Cùm patriæ in uno prælio stat vel cadit !
Nascente nuper Carolo, timidi tamen
Hæremus : intùs gaudium erumpens premit
Formido victrix : corda subsiliunt adhuc
Languente motu. Cœlitus nondum dato
Hærede fruimur, quippe, quòd vivat, minor
Lætitia, quàm ne non diu vivat, timor.
Quod unicum sit, semper est dubiæ spei :
Fiduciámque non nisi numerus facit.
At jam tenellus non erit Princeps suo
Sine Fratre solus : nititur fulcris benè
Regnum duobus. Cùm nitent Fratres simul,
Gemino secundum sydere eventum notant.
At avida nondum vota cessabunt : adhuc
Speramus ultrà ; rursus ut Rex sit Pater,
Rursúsque : quòd cùm filios genuit duos,
Fructum duorum, plurium pignus dedit.
Sic sic resurgant Nobiles : fato vigent
Fœliciore, quando nascuntur Duces.
Iterum feraci, iterúmque cruciatu gemat
Regina prægnans : cúmque jam serus Pater
Petet astra, habenas Carolo tradens suo,
Succedat Ille, & Regium cingat latus
Corona procerum densa, quos sanguis sibi
Propiore nexu junxit. Hoc superet Patrem,
Quod jam Senatum turba fraterna impleat.

G.C. *A.B.C.C.C.*

O MHP-

ΟΜΗΡΟΚΕΝΤΡΑ.

Παίδων ἐν μεγάροισι γονὴ γένετο κρειόντων,	ιλ ω.
Ὦ λαοί τ' ἐπιτέρφατε, καὶ τύνα μέμηλε.	ιλ β
Ἣ δ' ὑπακουσαμένη κρατερόφρονα γείνατο παῖδα,	ιλ ξ
Ἣ οἱ ὀιζυρὴν μὲν ἔλυ, κεχαρισμένος ἦμεν,	οδ ζ
Αἴσιον, ὃν θ' Ἥφαιστος ἐΰς, καὶ εἴδεος ἀγητός;	ιλ ω
Σκηπτοῦχοι βασιλῆες, ὡς τε Ζεὺς κύδιστος ἐπιπρὸ	ιλ ω
Καὶ πᾶις (ἶσον τῷ τισιν ἐλεγχέμεναι ἐπέεσσιν)	οδ υ
Ἀλκιμέ' ἐσσι, ἄναξ, τέρπεαι δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι καὶ ἄλλοις	οδ ξ
Αλλ' ἐθέλεις ἀρετὴν σὴν φαίνεμεν, ἢ τοι ὀπηδεῖ	οδ ξ
Εἰ δή τοι σε πατὴρ ἐνέσπαρτο μερόπων	οδ β
Οὐ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀρχαίου, ἐσαν παλαιφάτου, οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης,	οδ τ
Αλλ' ἀνδρῶν γένος ἐστὶ διοτρεφέων βασιλήων.	οδ δ
Ὑμέτερον δ' ἐκ ἔστι γένος βασιλευτέρων ἄλλο.	οδ ε
Καὶ κέντες φαίνηνοι ἐμισθοῦ ἀλλοῖα ἀνδρός.	οδ σ

CHRIST. PRIOR *Bac.*
Art. è Coll. Ball.

CAROLE, ne mirere pius si gaudeat omni
Prole Tuâ populus, quartóque puerpera plausus
Accipiat Regina novos; Numerosa futuræ
Pignora pacis amant omnes, ne fata tenello
CAROLIDI (quod Dii nobis avertite) multos
Invideant annos, & desit more Paterno
Qui tria sceptra gerat natus: Tua posthuma virtus
Vivat, & extincto Tibi (CAROLE) vita superfit.
Gigne igitur (petimus) Proceres Tibi, nomina confer
Nativa, & verum jactet Te Curia Patrem.

G. HOLWAY.

ÆThera ſuſpiciens, excluſoſque imbribus ignes,
Mirabar celeres explicuiſſe minas;
Nempè fuit ſubitus ſplendor; nec, ut antè, tremebat,
Ceu foret infirmo ſydere fulta, dies:
Et quaſi deficeret tua lux incendia lumen,
Phœbe, miniſtrabant; ſenſit uterque polus.
Nec poterant latices ſuperare incendia, quanquam
Nec tu, Bacche, aberas tum, nec inermis eras.
Mox ſuperinduxit flammis plebs læta triumphos,
Miſtáque campanis æra dedere ſonos.
Jam ſatis eſt, teneo; agnoſco peperiſſe MARIAM,
Brittannóque novum ſydus in orbe micat.

T. C. Ox. Coll. Soc.

QUis (O MARIA) quis Tibi languor gravis
Metúſve CAROLUM tam cito à Boreâ gradu
Vocavit, ut ſtupentis Eboraci volet
Pernix ab oculis pondus Hoc ventris ſacrum?
Quis ille ſubitò rumor exoriens malus
Hinc auferebat, utque Woodſtochio daras
Corripuit horas, Jubilum Oxonii breve
Contraxit? anne ventris Hoc pondus ſacri?
An quòd remoti debilem influentiam
Senſit parentis Embryo, & reditum roget?
An dum Maritum hanc fingis effigiem, Patrem
Conſulere ſæpè decuit, ut frontis decus,
Ut ora & humerum & quicquid Herõem ſapit,
Dum ſæpe recolit referat in fœtu potens
Imaginatio, & edat exemplo parem?
Sat eſt, abundè, maximus parvo ſtetit

Damno

Damno triumphus, pro brevi Regis morâ
Musis patronum CAROLI similem paris,
Simúlque similem CAROLI *Eboraco Ducem.*

JOS. CROWTHER
M. A. Ioan.

SIste: quid incusas falsis tua fata querelis
Anglia, quòd Phœbum diripuêre Tuum?
Ecce pudet facti. Quàm duplum reddere vellent?
Quòd fuerant tantum pœnitet ausa nefas.
Imbelles Superi Phœbum retinere nequibant.
Non numen nostræ par fuit invidiæ.
Duplum donârunt: nostro quasi rursus amori
Vellent munificâ se insinuare manu.
Pluribus ô damnis sic nos Deus affice: nobis
Cùm tantùm referunt ipsa perîcla boni.

RICH. ESTCOTT.
Coll. Wad.

NEc satis est peperisse semel; gaudemus in uno,
Sed dubii; tantùm geminato pignore ventris
Formidare vetas; Proles facit altera tutos;
Altera securos: nulla est fiducia regni
Pluribus imperiis, Ithaco vel judice, major;
Si referat mitem Proles numerosa parentem.
Plurimus in tota CAROLUS dum perstrepit Aula,
Et Pater est quodcunque vides, & Regia falsò
Jam simplex persona eluit, sed Principe nato
Partitur sese, totiésque renascitur Ipse.

Quin

At Tu quam Gemini illustrant duo sydera nati,
(Quales Ledæo excluſi cantantur ab ovo)
Da veniam populo non indignata rebelli;
Quos doluisse juvat MARIAM, ſuſpiria cujus
Lætitiam fecêre ſibi: ſic nempe Leones
In juſtum crevêre modum; ſic Lilia tandem
Cæſareus geſtabit apex Inſignia Veſtræ
Fertilitatis: erit CAROLO nec gratior unquam
Ulla corona Suâ quàm ſtirps numeroſa MARIÆ.
Affectes meritò Mater Regina vocari,
Salvo Rege tamen; Noſtrámque æquare Philippam,
Si non & ſuperare pelis. Bis trima quotannis,
Sed facilis, tanto notam dignetur honore:
Sæpiùs & ſimili diſcas grandeſcere partu
Auſpiciale tumens, Genetrix. Audimur ab alto:
Turba venit; per Regna procul circumſonus errans
Exemplar MARIÆ Tamiſis proponit, & urget
Ocyùs externas feſtinet Bœtis alumnas;
Solatúrque Tuos, affinis Sequana, luctûs;
Admonet ut tenerum peltatis, Holmia, turmis
Depoſitum tueare Tuum; ſperéntque maritos
Angligenas, queis ipſa quidem Tu Borbonis una
Suffectura ſatis cunctis, generoſque frequentes
Aut dabis aut ſumes alieno è climate Reges,
Quos, pluſquam Sanguis, referat Concordia fratres.

G. LANGBANE.
Coll. Reg. Soc.

PRovida fœlices munit Natura *Britannos*,
Firma quibus reſluis mœnia ſtruxit aquis.

Riſimus

Risimus incolumes classem turgentis Iberi:
Vix potuit niveas tuta videre petras!
Carolus at proprio posuit de sanguine muros,
Et populum vallo nobiliore tegit.
Cæruleam licèt expugnes (*Mars* invide) molem,
Nulla tamen nostris fige trophæa plagis.
Ille vel Ille Puer prohibet: frænare furentem
Gradivum Superi fulmine utroque parant.

Rich. Owen: *Coll. Oriell Socius.*

Foelix ventris onus non dura ad pondera regni
Jam solvit Regina parens; sors illa gravabit
Olim Fraternos humeros: Tu, Parvule, fulcrum
Non Regni sed Regis eris, tuteláque Fratris
Dum Frater nostri, Patris Diadema recumbet
Carolidæ, Ille Tibi. Jam sors lyncera bonorum
Concessa est Anglis, & pleno copia cornu,
Dum Regni Hæredem non nudum indulsit amica
Fati aspirantis manus, en qui Fratris honorem
Defenset, sacrumque latus qui protegat, altum
Hoc decus est, magno Britonum Regi esse secundum.

Gvli. Ridly.

Sunt qui sub largâ puerorum vite laborant:
Ipsa quibus Superûm gratia spreta perit.
Sed tibi fœlices surgunt (Rex optime) nati,
Agnoscítque Suos terra remota Duces.
Gaudebis numero, Te inopem [illegible] fecit,
Quot Successores, tot Tibi Regna petis.

Tho. White *Procurator sen.*

OMne bonum lætè radios diffundit amicos;
Ethica sic, Physicæ sic docuêre scholæ.
Tu bona diffundis permultis, *Optime Regum*,
Et Regno & Templo, Civica, sacra bona.
Hæc bona, spes nostras, *Prima*, *Altera*, *Tertia Proles*
Regalis firmat, secula plura beat.
Gaudia das præsens, *Cæsar*, das multa futuris;
Natos natorum gaudia multa manent.
Traduce sic longo, *Tu fœlix*, *Optime Regum*,
Hæc *tua* Regna bea, secula multa bea.

THO. CLAYTON *Med. Prof.*
Reg. Coll. Pembr. Magist.

IAm nova Progenies Cœlo est demissa; novæque
Proli fœmineæ successit mascula. Restat,
Idem largitor Dominus nova corda crearet
Nobis, plena Deo, Regique Deoque sacraret.
Tunc chorus Angelicus complebunt æthera cantu;
Ut pede ter grato terram pulsemus ovantes.
Non Lucina, Deus nobis nova gaudia fecit,
Perpetua nostras solvens formidine terras.

SAMUEL RADECLIF *Coll.*
Æn. Nas. Principalis.

SE Regina tribus nodis tibi nexuit, O Rex;
Prædicat & populus se jam bis terq; beatum;
Non ego pono modum, lætor tamen, omnia sunt tres;
Unum cor nob[illegible]us creet & Deus unus.

Sic gratulatur R. KETTELL
Præsidens Coll. Stæ Trinitatis.

De

De Trinâ Regis Progenie.

VT perstet benè Stemma CAROLINUM,
Et sint, quæ Lachesin diu fatigent
Longo stamine purpurata Fila:
Regali Triade hâc, Trias superna
Regem tot Diadematum beavit.
Totque Insignibus excubant Leones,
Et tot Liliolis feræ maritant,
Tot nostræ Charites colunt Camænæ;
Ast hæc jam Charitum Trias colenda.
I nunc Loyolidum furens caterva:
Pellæus triplici parandus ensis
Nodo: *Gordius* est, & *Herculanus*.
Trium jure potita Liberorum,
Proletaria jam, *Britanna* Tellus,
Non molimina sacra, Regicidæ
Quæ patrant, Monachive machinantur,
Nec ftrages tragicas timebit ultrà,
Quas triceps meditatur Antichristus,
Ferox *Cerbereo* patens hiatu,
Cœli Claviger, Inferíque Custos.
Romanum sonat; ut sit una cervix,
Stirps tota Hæretici profana Regis;
Detruncanda semel bipenne Papæ:
Tonsuram ut referat papaverinam.
Romanum sapit hoc; ut una clades,
Et Regem, & Proceres, Domos, Senatum,
Edaci abriperet repentè Flammâ.
Quin imo scelus evocatis Orco?
Quin Troglodyticos paratis ignes,

Vos O Romulidum corona Patrum
Manſueti titulo ſuperbi Jesu:
Trino hoc Relligio ligata funè
(Credam) non aliâ peribit Arte.
Defenſoribus his Fides vigebit:
Defenſæque ſuâ Fide vigebit.
Spondemus, ſed & apprecamur unà:
Ut nullo ſacer exoleſcat ævo,
Defenſorvè, Fideſvè *Carolina*.

J. K. S. T. D.

LÆta Coronatum vidit modò *Scotia* Regem,
Et nunc *Eboracum* cœpit habere Ducem:
Quis non *Arctoös* ſtudeat celebrare Triumphos,
Cùm videat gelidum Sole calere Polum?
Gaude *Aquilo*, gaude victrix provincia tantâ
Luce, ut *Dictæum* cùm tulit *Ida Iovem*.

Ad Regem Carolum *fœliciter prolificum*.

Regna *Britanna* tuo florent moderamine (*Cæſar*)
Et ſunt *Auguſtâ* prole beata magis:
Aut fortunata eſt hæc Inſula Te Duce noſtro,
Aut fortunatus nullus in Orbe locus.

Votum pro Duce.

Sis fœlix nobis, Sydus *Boreale*, Tuíſque,
Dum micat *Arctoö* lucida Stella Polo.

Κάρολος δ' τεκνον, πολύτεκνος Κάρολος ἐσσι
Ἄλβιον ὡς ἡμῖν ὄλβιον ἆιεν ἔη.

Jo. WALL, Sa. The. D. &
Eccl. Chriſt. Subdecanus.

Ad

Ad Galliam
De Vite Carolinâ.

NOn equidem invideo reliquas tibi *Gallia* vites,
Quas fovet amplexu prona Garumna ſuo.
Unica fœlici Vitis Nos protegit Umbrâ,
Et *Britones* Uvâ nobiliore beat.
Veſtra fuit, fateor; ſed noſtris conſita terris,
Tranſlata ut poſſit Fertilis eſſe magis.
Hinc Gemmas parit Illa Novas, pluréſque Racemos,
Nempè eſt hæc CAROLI Vinea culta manu.

JOHANNES LOUELACE *filius & hæres* Richardi Louelace, *Baronis de Hurley.*

Muſæ Typographicæ Epiphonema
ad Reginam.

SOla gemis, non ſola paris, Regina; reſurgit
Quin meus è Veſtro ſæpè labore labor;
Et quoties magnos eniteris Ipſa puellos;
Forſan abortivos, nitor at ipſa meos.
Nec vitam ſperare poteſt infirma propago,
Digneris placido ni refovere ſinu;
Sin dabis ambroſio ſpumantes flumine mammas,
Vel fatis poterit ſic ſupereſſe ſuis.
Quòd ſi plura Tui Exemplaria fertilis edas,
E noſtro veniet faſcia multa penu;
Et forſan certamen erit, nam vincere prolis
Non poteris numero, nobilitate potes.

W. T.

AD DVCEM EBORACENSEM.

ACADEMIÆ VOTA, ET VATICINIUM.

Matris Delitiæ, Cupidinésque,
Patris Gemmula, Gaudium Popelli
Hæc Cunis liceat Tuis vovere,
Ætas quæ videat sequens peracta.
Prævertas meritis dies, Tuíque
Dent Annalibus inserenda Lusus.
Vir sis ante Pilos, & una monstret
Ætatem Pueri innocens venustas.
Nullis de lachrymis Tributa poscas,
Majores Reditus habens, Amorem.
Nemo difficilem manum queratur;
Hosti terribilis, Tuísque charus
Firmes Imperium, sed obsequendo.
Quòd si quis luvenem excitet Leonem,
Aut bello CAROLUM *Patrem lacessat,*
Te, ceu Præsidium novum Britannis
Dones cernere; cingulúmque jactent
Contempto Oceano, Tuos lacertos.
Demùm sollicitum, anxiúmque Regnum
Fallas

Fallas transiliens vel ipsa Vota.
Et qui Carmina, publicámque Musam
Vel Nascens potis es mereri, Adultus
Fias Historiæ labor futuræ.

BR. DVPPA Acad.
Procancellarius.

To

To

To the QUEENE.

WEE ſhould forget (great Queen*) to whom wee owe*
Our future ſafety, ſhould wee onely ſhow
Outlandiſh Ioyes, or write in ſuch hard ſort,
That you muſt apprehend us by report:
Since in a ſtrange tongue wee ſhould but increaſe
Our dumbneſſe, and in Latin hold our peace;
And ſince, not underſtood, you well might douht,
Whether you had a booke, or were without:
Wee have endeavour'd to approach your eye,
Though no Interpreter ſtood learned by
To tell our meanings, which you here may reade
In the ſame Dialect in which you breed.

To the KING.

THe Prince hath now an equall, and may ſee
A fellow to his ſports as great as Hee:
Nor need Hee leſſen birth, or fall from ſtate,
Or be depos'd to an Aſſociate;
Or elſe to fit Companions to his play,
Need lay your Scepter or your Crowne away.
And now You may behold, Sir, by Your ſide
Your royall ſelfe growne more, and multipli'd.
And thoſe paſt years before and ſince Your reigne,
May in Your Children ſee liv'd o're againe;
Who are Your Emblems; And though none be free
From Fate, yet in them You immortall bee:
And whil'ſt wee may preſerve You living thus,
When e're You die, You not depart from us:
Your Sonnes will keep moſt of You from the grave,
So, though we change, we no new King ſhall have,
You onely will be varied; As a graine
Loſt in a harveſt, more returns againe.
And though perchance we cannot ſay, like thoſe
Who are heirs to their fathers eyes, or noſe,
Report his looke, and are ſo juſtly fac'd
Like him, as if they were not borne, but caſt,
That all theſe ſignes wee in the Princes finde,
Yet ſure there is more likeneſſe in their minde,
Which you convey'd them through their Mother, who
Even thus did travell with your vertues too:
Which, to deſcend to our dull ſenſe, and earth,
Come to us in their ſhapes, and ſuffer birth,

And be Your Off-ſpring. Who, when Chronicle
Is all wee have, and Annals onely tell
Your deeds and actions; and when men ſhall looke
And ſee the Prince and Duke Doe all the booke,
And live your royall ſtorie, and that all
Which You did well, was but propheticall,
Will not be thought as Your Poſteritie,
But You in them will Your Succeſſour be.

To the Queene.

After the Princes birth, Admired Queene,
Had You prov'd barren, You had fruitfull beene;
And in one Heire borne to his Fathers place
And royall minde had brought us forth a race.
But we, who thought we wiſht enough, to ſee
A Prince of Wales, have now a Progenie:
And You being perfect now have learnt the way
To be with Childe as oft as we can pray.
So that henceforth, we need no Altars vex
With empty vowes, being heard in either ſex:
Nor have we all our Kingdomes incenſe tryed
So many yeares, only to be denyed.
We no deſires, but thankfull off'rings bring,
That bearing many You preferre the King,
And to us yet have but one Daughter ſhowne;
Who elſe had beene th' originall alone
Without a Copie: For the ſhapes we ſee
In tables of You but bright errours be.
Nor could we hope Art would beget an heire
To that ſweet forme, unleſſe Your ſelfe did beare

Your Portraiture, and in a Daughter ſhew
That of Your ſelfe which yet no Painter drew.
Who with his ſubtle hand, and wiſeſt skill
Hath hitherto but ſtriv'd to draw You ill;
And when he takes his Pencill from Your looke,
Findes colours make You but a peece miſtooke,
And ſo paints treaſon, nor would have pretence
To ſcape, but that he limmes a faire offence.
But in the Princeſſe you are writ ſo plaine
And true, that in her you were borne againe.
And when we ſee You both together plac'd,
You are your daughter, only growne in haſte.
In both we may the ſelfeſame graces ſee,
But that They yet in Her but infants be,
Not woman beauties. Nor will we deſpaire
The Prince and Duke of York *have equall ſhare*
In Your perfections, which though they divide,
Make them both Prince enough by th' mothers ſide.
Whoſe compoſition is ſo cleare and good
That we can ſee diſcourſes in Your blood,
And underſtand Your body, ſo refin'd
That of You might be borne a ſoule or minde.
O may You ſtill be fruitfull, and begin
Henceforth to make our yeare by lying in.
May we have ſtore of Princes, and They live,
Till Heraulds doubt what titles they ſhould give.
To this, may You be young ſtill, and no other
Signes of more age found in You, but a mother.

JASPER MAYNE M. A.
of Chriſt-Church.

THe State is now past feare, and all that wee
Need wish besides is perpetuitie.
No gaudy traine of flames, no darkned Sunne,
No change inverting order did fore-runne
This Birth, no hurtlesse Natalitious fire
Playing about Him made the Nurse admire,
And prophecie. Forc'd nature shewes these things
When Thraldome swels, when Bondmaids bring forth Kings.
And 'tis no favour: For Shee straight gives ore,
Paying these trifles, that She owe no more.
Here She's reserv'd, and quiet, as if Hee
Were Her Designe, Her Plot, Her Policie:
Here the enquiring busie Common-eye
Onely intent upon new Majestie,
Nere lookes for further wonder, this alone
Being sufficient, that Hee's silent showne.
What's Her intent, I know not: let it be
My pray'r, that Shee'll be modest, and that Hee
Have but the second honour, be still neere,
No imitation of the Father here.
Yet let him, like to him, make Pow'r as free
from blot or scandall, as from poverty;
Count Blood and Birth no parts, but something lent
Meerely for outward grace, and complement;
Get safety by good life, and raise defence
By better forces, Love, and conscience.
This likenesse wee expect: the Nurse may finde
Something in Shape, wee'll looke unto his Minde.
The forehead, Eye, and lip, poore humble parts
Too shallow for resemblance, shew the arts
Of private guessings; action still hath beene

The Royall marke; thoſe parts, which are not ſeene,
Preſent the Throne, and Scepter; and the right
Diſcoverie's made by judgement, not by ſight.
I cannot to this cradle promiſe make
Of actions fit for growth. A ſtrangled ſnake,
Kill'd before knówne, perhaps 'mongſt heathen hath
Beene thought the deed, and valour of the Swath.
Farre be ſuch Monſters hence! the Buckler here
Is not the cradle, nor the dart, and ſpeare
The Infants Rattles: 'tis a Sonne of mirth,
Of peace and friendſhip, 'tis a quiet birth.
Yet if hereafter unfil'd people ſhall
Call on his ſword, and ſo provoke their fall,
Let him looke backe on that admired Name,
That Spirit of diſpatch, that ſoule of fame,
His Grandſire Henry, *tread his ſteps, in all*
Be fully like to him, except his fall.
Although in Royall births the Subjects lot
Be to enjoy what's by the Prince begot;
Yet faſten, CHARLES, *faſten thoſe eyes You owe*
Vnto a People, on this Sonne, to ſhow
You can be tender too, in this one thing
Suffer the Father to depoſe the King.
See what delight Your Queene takes to peruſe
Theſe faire unſpotted Volumes, when She views
In Him that glance, in Her that decent grace,
In This ſweet innocence, in All the face
Of both the Parents. May this bleſſing prove
A welcome Trouble, puzz'ling equall love
How to diſpenſe embraces, whiles that Shee
Strives to divide the Mother 'twixt all Three.

WILL. CARTWRIGHT.

Could we expresse our triumphs at Thy birth,
With Bels or Bone-fires, and such shouts of mirth:
Value Thy Christening by the grand expence
Of Banquets, and the Ladyes confluence?
Prize this Solemnity, as if in it All
To be regarded were the Festivall:
So crie Thee up: and of thy Birth report
By th' Citie Fire-workes, and the Feasts at Court:
(Like meane and ruder Gossips, that more eye
The Cakes and Wine than the Delivery,)
Wee most injurious in such thanks should prove,
And want affection in that heigth of love:
Fearing successions Taxe, should wee descry
No more (Great Prince) at Thy Nativity;
Should we not blesse the method of Her fate,
In three such severall Births t' inrich the State;
And joy to see Her Princely hand to bring
A live and true Paire-Royall to the King;
Should we not with devoted hearts confesse
This Kingdomes and our Soveraignes happinesse,
That since death lofty grew, of late strooke hie,
Emptied the Throne, and aym'd at Majestie,
And by the suddaine fall of Kings did make
The Pallace tremble and the Scepter shake:
Yet by an Annuall happy off spring, we
Should flourish in a Regall Progenie.
How doe our gratefull hearts expatiate
And swell with thankes! whilst we strive to relate
How blest, how happy, in one yeare w' have beene,
In th' different Travailes of the King and Queen.

P. Bradshaw Bacc. Law
of St Johns.

VVHy doſt thou weepe, bleſt babe? Thy happy birth
Was not ordain'd for ſorrow, but for mirth.
Behold, now Court and Country both are glad
And none, beſides Thee, in the Realme is ſad.
O ſhed no teares, unleſſe from joy they flow,
Then will we all ſhed teares as faſt as Thou.
Thou little know'ſt in what good plight thou art,
Elſe ſure thou wouldſt not take it thus to heart.
Why, though Thou might'ſt have choſen thine owne fate,
Thou no way couldſt be in a better ſtate:
Thy Father is a KING *ſo truly brave*
The Angels faine his company would have,
And were it not that God our Ile doth love,
Hee long ere this time had beene crown'd above.
Thy Mother is a Queene, in whoſe pure breſt
So many ſacred vertues make their neſt,
Her ſelfe above her Countrie Wee advance,
And having MARY *wee the leſſe need France.*
Thy Brother and thy Siſter are a paire
So wondrous witty, ſo exactly faire,
That had we not a ſtedfaſt hope of Thee,
Wee ſcarce knew who their parallell could be.
The Province, which receives Thee, is ſo farre
From being vext with Famine, Plague, or Warre,
Ev'n that ſweete place, from whence Thy Soule firſt came,
Is either very like it, or the ſame.
What canſt thou wiſh for? choiſer things then theſe
Are no where to be got in Lands or Seas.
Why then are there two raine-bowes in thine eyes,
When there is but one raine-bowe in the skies?
But ô, I am miſtaken all the while,

Thou

Thou by thy good will wouldſt doe nought but ſmile,
Yet wanting other boones to give the Peeres,
Inſteed of Gemmes, Thy nakednesſe drops teares.
Which being ſpread amongſt the Lords and Earles,
Great Brittaine *is enricht with Thy new Pearles.*

NIC. OLDISWORTH.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVERAIGNE,

SCarce had our hearts time to digeſt the newes
Of Your returne from Scotland, when enſues
An unexpected rumour, and declares
How much our fortune went beyond our prayers.
And now we onely feare leaſt we expreſſe
Too ſmall a tribute of our thankfulneſſe,
To You and Your faire Queene, whoſe wombe did beare
As many Children as Your Kingdomes are.
But had our Mary *brought forth This alone,*
We might have term'd her fruitfull in but one.
Yet he muſt looke through You who ſeekes to know
How much, in this great happineſſe, we owe.
This Babe to us by You is Royall: ſince
She only bore the Sonne, You gave the Prince.
Whoſe birth the ſmiling fates kept to attend
The toileſome period of Your journeys end.
One Autumne hath two harveſts: though our graine
Were gon, theſe better fruits for You remaine,
And may You never want when You ſhall come
From any progreſſe ſuch a welcome home.
Let men hereafter by Your Sonnes count yeares,
When they ſhall know how great Your ſtock appeares.

Till from Your ſacred root alone doe ſpring
Subjects enough to make Your ſelfe a King.
For elſe what Land or Nation can afford
A people worthy ſuch a Gracious Lord?
Whoſe Innocence ſets him ſo farre from feare,
As if He thought his guard were every where?
Take off His Crowne and Robes, yet you would gueſſe,
This is the man fram'd out for nobleneſſe.
O may You be (Great CHARLES*) in every thing*
As fortunate a Father, as a King.
Still may Your Princely ſtemme encreaſe, and grow
In Greatneſſe as their Fathers Vertues doe.
Though They prove High and Noble, theſe ſhall be
The better part of Your Poſteritie.

ED. BATHURST of
Trin. Coll.

TIs true: the Prince all joy could fit,
Had there beene hatcht no Ieſuite,
If now no poyſon were on foote
Then needed not this Antidote.
If that the bowe of Subjects will
By juſt Majeſtie bended ſtill
To th' Lawes, would ne're reluctance bring,
Nor too hard bent, chance breake a ſtring,
If loyaltie were ſure as fate,
The King need not people the State
With Princes. But our labring Queene
Hath now a thouſand bullwarkes beene,
And hath by this proclaim'd to all

She's

She's Anti-Ieſueticall.
Her throwes were ours; and when that She,
The State had a Deliverie.
Now may our Pilots hopefull ſteare,
When Caſtor *and* Pollux *both appeare;*
And th' Muſes mount by more degrees,
When two-topt their Parnaſſus *is.*
Now may the North *behold a farre*
Riſing another Polar Starre,
And as great Londons Paules *doth growe,*
The Houſe of Yorke *a raiſing too.*
Now may God Vulcan *freely take*
Their Cole-mines for the new Dukes ſake:
In which their ground hath fertile bin
Only to make Bone-fires for Him.

A. W.

BLeſt be our emulous Soveraigns both, who ſtriue
Which ſhould their Subjects good the beſt contriue.
If large Dominions doe it, Charles *makes forth*
To fetch a Scepter from the utmoſt North,
And He reſolves, how ere the Progreſſe pleaſe,
'Tis not to be a King, to be at eaſe.
If numerous Off-ſprings doe it, Mary *then*
Will furniſh us with choyce of Royall men,
Mary *will Travaile too, and I dare ſay*
A longer journey, *though at home She ſtay.*
Shall we compute the times? She nine moneths went,
When He ſcarce nine weekes in His Venture ſpent.
If we compare Their labours, we ſhall find

She no way was outgone, though left behind.
And of their gaines, behold the difference,
He only brought a Crowne, She brings a Prince.

Jo. Scot.

To the King.

THe Induſtry of Heaven, we thought,
No greater bleſſing could have wrought,
Then the happy birth of One,
To ſit like Thee upon Thy Throne.
But Thy augmented Progeny
Both Thee and us doth multiply.
And now a ſingle birth does bring
Both a Subject, and a King.
Who (when Thy Raigne, here fully done,
Shall be more glorioufly begun)
Will by this the people ſway,
That his deſire is to obey;
And through His Loyall Influence
Subjection powerfully diſpence.
To ſee His Greatneſſe not extort
His Brothers Scepter, but ſupport;
'Twill by Divine and Royall art
Inſpire Allegeance in each heart.
And though the Crowne He ne're attaine,
Yet will His obedience raigne.

Ed. Foulis.

To

To the Queene.

Most Gratious Madame, since our Soveraigne
By You is as it were Crowned againe,
Since to His Majesty His Queene bestowes
The joyfull name of Father, and He owes
His Royall issue unto You, ev'n we
By giving thankes expresse our Loyaltie;
And yet our joy would be a great deale lesse,
Did not You share in the same happinesse;
What's gaine to us, if You should loose thereby
Were but a profitable injurie.
But we're compleatly glad, for Your increase
Doth propheſie to the whole Kingdome peace;
And by the blessing of a fruitfull Wife,
You make our Soveraigne outlive His life.
So that ev'n after death we still shall see
King Charles *still living in his Progenie.*
Each Painter can expresse His forme, that saw
His outside Majesty; You only draw
Those reasonable pictures, which present
More then the beauty of His lineament,
His Vertues: And I pray that all of these
May prove in Piety His Images.
May every one his Parents grace possesse,
And He to each derive his worthinesse
As well as Bloud, that every Childe inherit
Though not His Fathers Kingdomes, yet His merit.

WILL. HOLWAY.

In Rumorem Cometæ.

I Come not down from Heaven nor have I knowne,
Things which their Maker ſayes ſhall not be ſhowne:
Nor was I of great Elohims *Councell when*
He did decree low Fates ſhould governe men.
Nor can I judge by ſtarres, or by the skies,
Of ſtrange events, or miſticke prodigies;
Things plac't in Heaven becauſe Jove *knew it fit,*
None but the Maker ſhould in judgement ſit:
Thir lofty conſtitution doth expreſſe
Their deepe conſtruction can be nothing leſſe,
Too dull by farre are mortall creatures mindes
To comment on Joves *bookes, yet we're enclin'd*
To know the Makers will, when wretched we,
Know not the creatures thoughts, nor none but he:
But if't be true, oft colours in the skie
Are not the ſame they ſeeme, but that our eye
Deceives us looking up, why then alaſſe,
To looke at Heaven requires from Heaven a glaſſe:
However when our Saviour did deſcend
To take mans fleſh, a ſtarre did him portend:
At midday ſo, men ſay a ſtarre ſhin'd forth
When Charles *was borne, a token of his worth:*
Example ſayes they're good; I doe not know,
But judge the beſt, becauſe I wiſh it ſo.

RICH. BROOKE
è Coll. Mert.

Our

OVr Age is full already; will you see
A Sov'raigne copied for posterity;
Peruse an Abstract now of future Lives,
And in the Present Tense reade Optatives;
Measure a Map of yet-to-come; or span
The modell of twenty year hence a Man?
All this lyes in the cradle here, and more,
For who (sweet Babe) can all the Riddles score
Of swadled Majestie? What Seedes of State
Are set in That! What Lines of unspun Fate
Meet in This Point of Infancie, from hence
To spread through all the Liv's Circumference!
These might be sung, would we our Nephewes cheat,
And reade Thee, onely at a distance, Great;
Or take up Honours on thy Manhood's stile
To make the Childe a Rattle, and beguile
Hopes into Ioyes: but this our Quils outvies,
Ev'n this Thy Nonage-state; and while we prize
Thy worth but from Thy Father's coyning, 'tis
Greatnesse enough to be a stampe of His.
We thank Thee, gratious Charles, *that do'st delight*
Thus to proportion to our weaker sight
Thy stronger Rayes; whil'st in this lesser Letter
Majestie's printed, we can reade it better.
Thy royall Greatnesse did outreach our hearts,
And we were faine to take it up by parts
That could not hold the All of Sov'raigntie,
And so let in the King successively:
Now He appeares at once, and each man sees
Thee at a glimpse, in Thine Epitomies.
These shall transferre Thee to the World's next stage,

The

The onely Trophyes for an after-Age:
Others goe build their monuments in Stones,
But let my Sou'raigne write Himſelfe in Sonnes.
And then conclude, Death's not the utmoſt Line
Of things to Me, for beyond that, there's Mine.

T. GAWEN *N. Coll.*

MAke bigge the bonefires, for in this one Sonne
The Queenes delivered of a Nation,
Shee hath brought forth a people, now we may
Confeſſe our doubted life, and boldly ſay
This Prince compleats our joy, becauſe he can
Already make the Prince of Wales *a Man,*
And ſo confute the Nurſe, when hee ſhall ſee
Himſelfe in Him paſt his minoritie.
Good morrow Babe, welt come into that ayre
Which thou confirmeſt ours, which now we dare
Bequeath to our late Nephews, that ſhall ſee
It alwayes Engliſh in the Prince and Thee,
And never know the doubtfull Scepter ſtand
In expectation of a choſen hand,
Nor danger of an armed, that may barre
The Crowne from falling perpendicular,
And ſo croſſe nature. For I muſt confeſſe
I wiſh the Prince *ſuch laſting happineſſe,*
And do commend to Providence this worke
That the ſtate may not need a Duke of Yorke.
And thinke a given and a protected heire
Enough to ſilence any modeſt prayer:
Yet ſince the wiſer heavens do conceive

A way to bleſſe poſterity, to leave
So much of Charles *to them, as they ſhall ſee*
Drawne to the life in ſo much Imag'rie,
And durſt not truſt a Chronicle, but wou'd
Derive his vertues only in his bloud;
And thinking them too vaſt for one, did trye
To coyne a partner for this Legacy:
May Heaven proceed to keepe Him, may He ſhine
To mocke the poorenеſſe of the Indian mine,
And ſcorne the fleet, having a treaſure farre
Above the winds reach, or the Hollander.
So may he puZZle Stateſ-men, and put downe
All reck'nings of revenewes to the Crowne,
And alter the Kings rents, for his two Sonnes
Muſt goe for twenty thouſand millions.
And ſo make Charles *the jealous Worlds ally,*
Thus growne too potent for an Enemy.
All they muſt ſtudy leagues now that had rather
Seem rich in any title then of Father.
But may He ſtill be dreadfull ſo, and be
To theſe abroade fear'd as a Deitie,
At home lov'd as a Father, whilſt He thus
To them is terrour and a ſhield to us.

JOSIAS HOWE Coll.
Trin. Alumn.

To the QUEENE

WHilſt Caps throwne off, and Bells o'rerung with noyſe
The Peoples homage, and their ſimple joyes

Expreſſe; and he moſt ſtrongly doth rejoyce
Who lifts his hat up higheſt, and his voyce:
Our Zeale ſhall not be dumbe: yet we'll forbeare
With loud Devotion to offend the Eare
We ſtrive to gaine; nor as the rout, may we
An uproare make to ſhew our loyaltie.
Nor doe we ſtrive with them: our paſſions ſwell
As high and full as Yours: for we as well
Labour'd with You, and did Your Travells ſhare:
That we the griefe, You but the Childe might beare.
Your Pangs and Feares were all ours: and indeed
Your Subjects moſt the Midwifes helpe did need.
And now we are Deliver'd: though this gaine
We onely boaſt, that You are fre'd from paine.
Your Crownes You now can number by the Heads
That may weare them: and all Your fruitfull Beds
Only t' our Kingdomes teem'd. This Your bleſt Land
Each birth ſecures beyond the whole Traine-band.
Our forces come from You: and every one
You bring, we number as a Legion.
You need no borrowed Prayſe, Nature doth ſhew
Much matter and perfection heap'd in You
From whom ſo much She drawes; and we doe finde
Chiefly in You that bleſſing of Mankinde
To multiply. And now I might relate
How Your Child-births the Heavens emulate,
And Travell with new Starres: that all may cry
Your Seed, even as the Starres doth multiply.
We joy in Your Encreaſe, wiſhing that we
In more may exerciſe our Loyaltie.

R. WARING.

Gemma altera.

THey who ſo admired have
Raine, Plenty, iſſues from the Wombe or Grave;
That they thought God, nice in conferring Theſe,
Kept the Foure Bleſſings with us many (1) *Keyes:*
Ne're heard of Princes Births. For when
A Royall Wombe is once unlock't by Heaven;
The Reſt all open with it. God doth poure
As much raine in a Sonne, as in a ſhower.
Cheapeneſſe beſpreads a Land: what now doth laſt
Of Dearth, is no more Famine, but a Faſt.
The Childe thus, ænigmatically Good,
Is both the Eater, and the Foode.
Old Heretiques (2) *ſome to repreſſe,*
Symboliz'd Mary *with the Lioneſſe,*
'Cauſe She brings forth but once; in the ſame roome
Unloading both Her iſſue, and Her Wombe.
Now, the compariſon hath the fate
To be as full of errour, as of hate;
Mary *doth live to make it ſo: And thus*
Proves more like Her, by often bleſſing us.
May She repeate Her iſſue: may She beare
As many Sonnes, as may redeeme the yeare
To happier (3) *Moneths; whilſt Hiſtory ſhall looke*
Truer, dated by our Bleſſing, then our Booke.

(1) The ancient Jewes had a ſaying, that God kept foure keyes in his owne hands: the key of Rayne, Plenty, of the Grave, and of Barrenneſſe. Which foure, neither Cherubin nor Seraphin, nor any creature, beſides himſelfe could unlocke, at any time. *Paraphraſtes Hieroſolymitan. in c. 30. Geneſ.*

(2) Saint *Epiphanius* againſt the Hereſie of the *Antidicomarianitæ*: who were of opinion, that the Bleſſed Virgine *Mary* carnally knew *Ioſeph* her husband, after ſhee had brought forth her firſtborne, Chriſt our Saviour. *Epiphan. in Hæreſ. 78. p. 1044.*

(3) It was an ordinarie cuſtome for Princes, to continue their memory the better, to call the moneths of the yeare after their owne names. So Semptember, was once called *Germanicus*, and October *Domicianus*, by the Emperour. And Auguſt, by the name of *Commodus* by another. *Sueton. in vita Domitiani. Scalig. in Emend. Temp. lib. 1. p. 11. cap. de Menſibus.*

THO. BROWNE
of Chriſt-Church.

To the Queene.

IF fruitfulneſſe (Great Queene) a bleſſing be
In vulgar men, whoſe teeming poverty
Burdens the Common-wealth; how happy are
Kings in their iſſue, ſince their Subjects ſhare
With Them in joy: witneſſe our famous State
Made by Your fruitfull ſelfe ſo fortunate.
Be therefore pregnant oft, (moſt Royall Queene)
May this Your happy fruitfulneſſe be ſeene
Each Autumne like the earth; that if by chance
Your native and our neighbour Country France
Should want an heire, and faine would borrow one
Of Your moſt Kingly race, to rule that Throne,
You may have one to ſpare; that You may ſee
I'th' French *and* Engliſh *Crownes Your Progenie.*

BENIAMIN MASTER.

Le grand bien de la Race Royalle.

ESprits abjects & Vains Je vous pri' de vous taire,
Et vous profanes tous. Ce n' eſt pas vn affaire
Ni de ſi peu d' eſtat, où peu de conſequence,
Que de vous employer. Donnez nous patience!
Car Dieu veut ſeulement eſtre remercié
De ſes bien-faits par ceux qui les ont impetré,
Par leur ardens deſirs, leur dons, & leur prieres.
La naiſſance des Princes & Ducs, ſont matieres
Des Sermons ſolennels; & la vertu divine

De

De monſtre le bon-heur, où predit la ruine
D' vn Eſtat, quand de tels grans preſens elle ottroye;
Ou en juſte fureur leur nie telle joye.
Or avons nous dequoy vanter à noz voiſins,
Or avons nous dequoy nous venger des mutins,
Car par leur Majeſtez s' ejouit l' Angleterre,
Des arres de la paix, des forces de la guerre.
C'eſt à nous à ce coup, c'eſt à nous, que s' addreſſe
L'empire, les faveurs, les dons & les careſſes.
Et par ſa ſeure garde une immortelle race
Nous à mis à l' abri, quoy que le vent menaſſe.

THO. FRENCHE Art.
Mag. Coll. Mert.

WHat? what? another Crier? thus you ſee
Our firſt taske is to learne an Elegie:
And nature here a breifer way affords
T' expreſſe our Woes rather by teares then words.
And doſt thou crie (ſweet Babe?) Our joyes for Thee
Make us wee cannot ſhare Thy miſerie,
But ſwell with mirth to have Thee ſpoken here,
By ſuch a Proclamation as a teare.
And bleſſe the happy noyſe whereby Thou giv'ſt
Aſſurance to us Thou art borne, and liv'ſt:
Before Thou cam'ſt, how did Thy Friends *prepare*
To bid Thee welcome; what preventing care?
How many months before Thy Nurſe is got
For Thy attendance, when ſhee knew Thee not?
And how Thy charming cradle was beſpake
To make Thee ſleepe, before Thou wert awake?
What prettie toyes? what trifles did they buy

To make Thee quiet when Thou did'ſt not crie?
So skilfull in dimenſions, to provide
Thy cloathes, and linnens, when Thou wert un-ey'd?
But at Thy birth, Oh how they runne about,
Here for Thy mantle, yonder for Thy clout!
Leſt thoſe nak'd limbes leaving that Regall ſeate
(Where Thou wert cheriſht by Thy Mothers heate)
Could not indure our Climate. Haſt Nurſe, haſt,
And bring Him to His Mother, let Him taſte
That purer nouriſhment once more; Hee'le get
Such ſtrength ere long, that Hee'le not care for it.
But I forgot to aske, How doth the Queene,
After Her pinching throwes? what, doth Her ſpleene
Leave beating yet? I hope Her paine's all gone,
And all Her ſorrows vaniſh in a Sonne.
What though Thou brought'ſt Thy Mother ſo much paine?
At heareſay of Thy birth Shee's well againe.
And now (me thinkes) I heare that Royall Paire
Conferre Their joyes together, how to ſhare,
Where both muſt have the whole, and thus to call
Give Mee Him, and give Mee Him, I'le have all.
And yet there's no diviſion, but this I,
Is ſtill the ſame, and not another crie.
For when Her Majeſtie grew nigh that doubt
Of child birth, ſtrongly how to beare it out
Then travel'd His feares too, as if they bred
And with the Queene *ſtriv'd to be brought a bed.*
What though that time, the roome from men be free,
Where Nurſes and Lucina buſied bee?
Her pangs no ſooner were knowne paſt but Hee
Was ſharer in Her ſafe delivery.

And

And doubly bleſs'd His fate, when He had ſeene
So ſoone, ſo brave a conqueſt of his Queene.
That She with ſuch ſmall danger undertooke
To bring to us, our Queene, *as well as* Duke.
For't dead's our joyes, when we by Parents death,
Draw in our owne, by drawing out their breath.
But what's our newes? the Queene *is brought a bed*
Of a young Duke, *and well recovered.*
Now (Gracious Sir) in that we be ſo bold
To interrupt, 'tis 'cauſe we cannot hold
The venting of our joyes; for that ſupplie
Which thou doſt grant us by male Progenie.
And that immortall bleſſing, which Her Grace
Intends Great Brittaine for a doomſday race.
Live happy Duke, *which unto us haſt brought*
Such benefits as were beyond our thought.
Thy Brother and thy Siſter now will be
More Gracious two *to* one, *becauſe of thee.*
Thou wedd'ſt a * *Title, which thus long to raiſe*
Thy Honour higher, hath liv'd widdow'd dayes
Haile Royall Triade, *may the Graces bee*
Drawne to the life in Your chaſt unitie.
No, no fraternall broyles where Mary *ſtands*
Amid'ſt to part you, with her loving hands.
Nor can you ſtrike a woman, where the Law
Of nature here, keepes heart and hand in awe.
But how Shee loves You, if ſo be Yee knew
You'd prove as kinde to Her as Shee to You.
*And in ſuch love (*Charles*) make Theſe Olive plants*
Sprout higher ſtill, untill They grow to Saints:
That They may be, when Thou haſt poliſht Them,
Such jewels as befit a Diadem.

* The Duke of Yorke.

And

And may Thy MARY *bring our joyes ſo faſt,*
That This, nor That to us may prove the laſt.

WILLIAM DUTTON Militis
fil. nat. min. Braſ. Coll.

BLeſt Queene, by whoſe deare labours we doe ſee
Our Charles *thus multiplyed, from whoſe free*
Returnes alone He hath already gain'd,
What elder Monarchs hardly have obtain'd
From Their ſixe Royall conſorts; Be Thou juſt
Still in Thy Periods thus, and with like truſt
Quicken each precious charge which Thou ſhalt beare,
Vnto the great glad Sire that pawn'd it there;
Send Him more Sonnes, more ſafety, 'bout His chayre
Many ſuch guards, thicke as his Nephewes were
In the throng'd Tablet; give him till he cry,
He wanteth Provinces to ſtile em by;
Till Treaſon be ſtarke folly, and men ſhall hate
To attempt ought, becauſe 'tis deſperate
Though not cauſe wicked; ſo ſhall we no more
Rely on Armes or Counſaile, nor our ſtore
Of Ships thoſe Brittiſh *walls, will be content*
To leave thoſe wayes to Princes impotent,
And barren Queenes, where the great enemy's
The Heire apparant, where they fortify
'Gainſt the next Kin, yet forced to give o're
Their Honours to their hated Succeſſor;
Let them ſo guard their tottering Thrones, for we
Have ſtronger farre ſecurity from Thee.

THO. LOCKEY A. M.
of Chriſt-Church.

FINIS.